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From Swatow to Canton

Herbert Allen Giles

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FROM SWATOW TO CANTON:

[OVERLAND.]

BY

HERBERT A. GILES,

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From Swatow to Canton

NOTE.

BEING under instructions to proceed to Hui-chou Fu (惠州府), viâ Ch'ao-chou Fu (潮州府) and Kia-ying chou (嘉應州), in order to verify the good faith of the Chinese in posting the Yünnan Proclamation, it was obviously more expeditious and more economical to push on from the former city to Canton, thence to Hongkong, and so back to Swatow. It was also infinitely more agreeable; for although this trip is one which might well claim the attention of any *two* or more residents in Canton, Hongkong, or Swatow, desirous of spending a pleasant month surrounded by beautiful scenery,—yet an utter isolation from all human beings except Chinese and Hakkas, even for the short space of three weeks, had made the prospect of European society unusually inviting, at the same time that it had brought home forcibly to the writer the sustained heroism of such real travellers as COOPER, MARGARY, and ELIAS.

H. A. G.

H. M. Consulate, Canton,
1st August, 1877.

FROM SWATOW TO CANTON.

We left the bridge which stands just above the town of Swatow on the 19th of March at 9 a.m. The little rain pavilion (雨亭), built at one end of it by some philanthropic capitalist to give temporary shelter from the storm to unprovided travellers, was soon lost to sight, and we were poling up stream through a flat and uninteresting country *en route* for Ch'ao-chou Fu. There being nothing on either side of the river worth looking at, we devoted the leisure moments of our first day to examining the boats and boatmen. We found that out of a total crew of six there was one opium-smoker, but he only indulged at night when the work of the day was done. He said the sailor's life was a bitter one, and that opium gave him strength to work. He was fifty-three years of age, wrinkled and skinny. The boat was roomy and clean, and divided into two compartments, giving us the luxury of a bed-room separate from the sitting-room. Our servants followed in a second boat. The doors were elaborately painted in the gayest style of Chinese art, and one of them bore the following appropriate legend:—

月白風清咏今夕

"The moon is bright, the wind is clear, as we sing our evening
"song."

But the panel which should have shewn the second line of the couplet had been for some inscrutable reason taken out, and the "mother," as the Chinese call the first half of a couplet, was left alone to mourn the loss of her "son." Further aft we discovered two strips of coloured paper, each bearing a response from some local deity to a question propounded by the owner of the boat and paid for at the rate of thirty cash per response. On enquiring of the boatman it turned out that during the preliminaries of engaging his craft he had hurried off to his favourite oracle and consulted it upon two points, (1) whether the journey would be a profitable one for him and (2) as to the disposition of the traveller he was about to take on board. The replies he received were flavoured with a pinch of Delphic salt and ran thus :—

- (1) Pure gold of priceless worth—
 Who shall go and seek it ?
 The superior man will not stoop to pick it up :
 Picking it up his heart will not be at ease.
- (2) Treat others with gentleness
 And your journey will be a happy one,
 On the 3rd or 5th of the moon
 You will meet with a worthy gentleman.

Now if the curious reader will refer to an Anglo-Chinese almanac for the current year, he will find that the 5th of the 2nd moon corresponds with the 19th of March—the day we left Swatow.

Here our distractions came to an end, and we had no resource but to listen to the sailors calling to the wind, exactly as inhabitants of more civilized countries whistle to it, and with the same object.

20th.—This morning we sighted the tall pagoda which stands upon the bank of the river nearly opposite the city

of Ch'ao-chou Fu. By one o'clock we were at anchor alongside the wonderful structure which apparently once spanned the river but is now broken by a gap of over 100 yards. Countless banian trees grow out of its masonry and are slowly working its inevitable ruin; yet upon the very bridge itself and considerably overhanging the water are shops, swarming with workmen, supported by shaky-looking posts which do not go straight down into the water but are nailed on to the stone-work of the bridge at a very considerable angle. The gap is filled up with a bridge of boats which is opened from time to time for the passage of junks, when the familiar scene is enacted of half-a-dozen Chinamen springing across at the last moment and at the risk of their lives sooner than waste five minutes of the precious time which when we pass will be spent on the other side in gaping at the red-haired barbarian. How it is there is such great traffic across this bridge is difficult to say. There are very few houses on the opposite bank to the city and no shops to speak of. A beautiful shrine sacred to the glorious memory of Han Wên-kung who was formerly Governor (太守) here, stands upon the hill-side, and there are some celebrated tea-shops near by where the *jeunesse dorée* of Ch'ao-chou Fu smokes its afternoon pipe and discusses the news of the day. The city is dull-looking and brown, but there is a pleasurable sensation in knowing ourselves exempted from the category of imbeciles who go to Kuang-tung and yet do not visit Ch'ao-chou Fu; for, as the proverb says, "they go to Kuang-tung in vain."

到廣不到潮
枉爲走一遭

The Chinese declare it is one of the sights of the Kuang-tung province and we are bound of course to believe them, though

we doubt if the European traveller would have guessed as much. Within, the city is much like every other city. The same bustle and ceaseless activity; the same shouting and screaming; the same steaming restaurants and dangling shop-signs that are to be seen from one end of the empire to the other. In the evening as we moved slowly up the stream we passed a number of huge square-shaped house-boats, painted blue, from which issued sounds of the twanging guitar mingled with the notes of the wooden-toned Chinese flute. No friendly crack or half-open door admitted us to a share of the revelries which were evidently already in full swing, and it will be a long time yet before the presence of a foreigner ceases to change the complexion of any Chinese scene upon which he may enter a bidden or an unbidden guest. At present it is impossible to see even a Chinese city under its normal aspects. The sight of the foreigner's hat and boots alone is enough to call together an impatient throng, all anxious to get a close view and quite preventing the foreigner himself from seeing anything at all. It is also equally impossible to visit a temple or any other object of interest in a thoroughly satisfactory manner, and for precisely similar reasons. Consequently we cannot get to the very marrow of Chinese society, and posterity will laugh at us for our inaccurate conclusions, not knowing that they were often drawn from blurred and half-stated premisses. But the river is beginning to grow narrower and we can already discern the silhouette of hills where really fine scenery is to repay the monotony of two uneventful days.

21st.—There was a scramble among the half dozen villagers who collected to see us take early breakfast for two provision tins which had been opened the night before. Crosse and Blackwell carry happiness into many a Chinese village—

which, by the way, will be a capital addition to their list of recommendations and for which we expect to receive one of their very best Christmas hampers. But so it is. These tin pots, valuable to us only for what they contain, will have their jagged edges nicely rounded off, a hole drilled at either side for a handle of string or wire, and will then be used as a receptacle for oil or Chinese soy, to remain in the family of the thrifty possessor an heir-loom for ever. Just then the whistle of a steamer roused us from a dream of the future when the provident Chinaman shall have everywhere supplanted the costly and luxurious European. But a moment's reflection recalled the fact that we were upon the inland waters of China, sacred to the lines which tradition says Confucius himself laid down and not yet open to desecration by the furrow of a barbarian keel. It was only the travelling pork-butcher blowing on his horn to warn the villagers of his approach. Landing for a stroll along the banks of the river, occasionally across the hills whenever the stream took a favourable bend, we had occasion to note for the thousandth time the courteous reception offered us by the half-naked peasants we came across. Invariably a pipe of tobacco and sometimes a cup of tea was put before us; we were aware however that the same etiquette which requires the offer of these luxuries to the passing stranger obliges the latter to refuse them. It is as much as the poor fellows can do to get tea and tobacco for themselves: they could ill afford to share their store with every chance comer. The water buffalos glared and snorted as we passed by, scenting probably the foreign smell which Chinamen declare they detect in Europeans. The women too did not place much confidence in the apparition that every now and then came upon them, but preferred to

observe our movements from a safe distance. They do not bandage their feet, having to work in the fields with the men. Here and there we passed plantations of the edible bamboo, carefully fenced in from the depredations of thieves and cattle. We saw acres and acres of the common bamboo which is very largely cultivated about here, and from time to time met huge rafts of it floating down with the stream to Ch'ao-chou Fu. As far as we could make out, the exports and the imports each consisted of four kinds of produce. The boats going up were all laden with

Salt,
Rice,
Salt Fish,
Sundries,

while the traffic down was confined to

Charcoal,
Bamboo,
Firewood,
Trees.

Many of the hills are densely covered with pine-trees, which accounts for three of the last-mentioned four; the valleys are chiefly planted with bamboo. Apropos of salt, we came across a good-sized bunker of it when stowing away our things in the space below the deck. The boatmen could not resist the temptation of doing a little smuggling on the way up.

The evening had closed in before we reached Liu Ng (陸嶺). A fair is held there, the boatman told us, on the 2nd, 5th, and 8th of the moon; and when we expressed some astonishment at crowding the whole business of the place into a single week, he explained that every day of the month in which 2, 5, or 8 occurred, was included, thus giving nine days in each month at nearly equal intervals.

Other fairs in the neighbourhood were held on the intermediate days, so that there was always a chance of doing business somewhere.

22nd.—This morning we observed a man dancing vigorously about on a raft at anchor in the middle of the river. He took a long step forward and then back again, boxing the compass all the time with his body, and looking generally ridiculous, the more so as he was dressed according to riverine fashion "in the skandalus costume of a Greek "slave." We found, however, on enquiry that he was only treading rice out of the husk—a human threshing-machine. Later on we heard the familiar *tick tick* of the stone-mason's hammer, and looking up we saw a small quarry almost at the tip top of one of the high hills which came sheer down to the water's edge. The hill-side was scored as if by a groove down which the stones might be passed from above, but the workmen were not engaged in that part of the business as we went by. During our morning walk we were much struck by the unusual number of tiny joss-houses scattered about at every turn, and especially so alongside the river banks, most of them dedicated to the sailor's patron saint, the Empress of the Sky. Apropos of which goddess, our worthy *tai-kong* (helmsman) in a desultory conversation on general subjects, asked us to what spirit (神 *shén*) foreign sailors prayed when the wind roared and the waves dashed against the prow. In an instant the fearful scene of the shipwreck in *Don Juan* rose up before us, and we thought of the mingled oaths and prayers, the flowing rum-casks and drunken orgies of that supreme moment. So we took a middle course, and told him that some trusted to Heaven, and some to their luck, but the best and bravest to their own strong arms and hands.

Then he asked us if the God of Thunder ever struck down foreign ships and men; to which we replied that he did, mentally substituting electricity for the superstition of our unsophisticated friend. He next proceeded to enquire whether in our part of the world the thunder ever harmed good people. On being informed that unfortunately it did, he was kind enough to explain that this was never the case in China; whereupon we cut in with the irresistible remark that in China there were no good people to harm. He laughed at this, and said that at any rate there were very few among the mandarins, and that if every man got his deserts the God of Thunder would have enough on his hands.

We saw several lofty pagodas on the distant hills and regretted only that want of time prevented us from making a closer inspection of them. We also noticed a group of three brick furnaces (烟墩 *yen tun*), used for creating the dense column of smoke by which any important event or national disaster is communicated to the next station, and so on to the capital. Five *li*, or about two miles, is the regulation distance between the stations. But the little house where the watch (汛官 *hsün kuan*) should remain day and night on the alert was empty and in ruins, and the boatman told us that no one ever lived there now. We recollect reading somewhere that Chou Wang (紂王) caused one of these beacon-fires to be lighted simply for the amusement of his infamous favourite T'a Chi (妲己), and that in an incredibly short space of time the whole country was up in arms, to the intense disgust of the people when they found out how recklessly they had been summoned. And this reminds us of another act of this extravagant pair which well exemplifies

the wanton cruelty that ultimately brought about their overthrow and death. They were carousing one day amidst garlands and wine-cups in the celebrated tower which Chou Wang had intended should reach the stars (摘星樓 *tséh sing lou*), when they saw an old man and a young man about to ford the river rolling at their feet. After a few minutes delay they observed the young man get upon the old man's back, and the latter at once plunged in to battle with a somewhat rapid stream. "I wonder," said Chou Wang, "what can be the meaning of this. It would have been more natural for the young man to have carried the "old one."

"Most probably," replied T'a Chi, "the young man is a coward. I should say he was the child of old age, and "has no marrow in his bones. But let us have them up "and see."

Immediately the unfortunate couple were seized and brought into the royal presence, where a leg of each was chopped off and T'a Chi's surmise was found to be correct. But the legless victims—ah, what of them? Why, merely that a leg more or a leg less is a trifle in Chinese history.

Our afternoon walk lay along a narrow path carved out on the side of the precipitous hills which rise up in many places perpendicularly from the water's edge. A great part of it was paved with stones to prevent its total disappearance with the summer rains. Sometimes we found ourselves as much as 100 feet above the level of the river, with nothing but a clear fall on one side and a steep cliff on the other. Had we met a stranger at such points, our attention would have instantaneously been concentrated in some engrossing object on the wall side. We did come across one little bare-legged boy, luckily at an easy place, and we asked him if

the road farther on was good ; but he was so terrified at meeting such an uncouth object at such close quarters that he said he didn't know, though he had necessarily just walked the whole length of it and was evidently an inhabitant of the hills. Farther on, where the hills sloped more gradually back, we reached a cottage with no "double coach-house" but only a strip of garden fenced in with bamboo and a man standing at the door. We begged to know if he had taken his evening rice, and also if he had any eggs to sell ; but he answered never a word, only pointing with his forefinger in the direction we were going as much as to say he would prefer our room to our company. So we went on our way, rejoicing that we were not as this man, condemned to a life of loneliness and desolation on the bank of the Ch'ao-chou Fu river.

All the evening we had a slashing breeze from a favourable quarter, contrary, as the *tai-kong* told us, to his wildest expectations at this season of the year. Reflecting that this poor man was so saturated with superstitions of all kinds that we should only be wasting valuable time in trying to convert him to the cause of science, we thereupon directed his attention to the responses he had received from his infallible P'u-sa ; and we further added a response of our own, scribbled with a lead-pencil on the stern of his boat. It was to this effect :—

If you are fair, the wind will be fair.

人 順 風 順

He knew all these characters ; and we might have incautiously set him down as a scholar of no mean order, had we not discovered on subsequent examination that these four words formed near about the sum-total of his stock in trade. Our object however was gained. He was convinced that

even a barbarian may bring good luck with him though he hasn't a flat nose and betrays an irresistible tendency to wash himself much more than is either necessary or good for him—two points which seemed to attract the special attention of this particular man. He told us that many Chinamen believe washing to be injurious to health, and indulge in it as little as possible. Opium-smokers, by the way, are proverbially averse to water, for what reason we have never been able to find out. The *tai-kong* was further lost in astonishment at the few paltry characters we had traced, all too clumsily, upon his boat. That a foreigner should be able to speak the language of the son of Han was *déjà beaucoup*; but to write the sacred symbols arranged by the prophets of old and handed down from the generation to generation, the exclusive property of the black-haired people—this indeed was never dreamt of in the philosophy of our simple boatman. And lest any student, just entering upon a course of Chinese studies, should peruse the jumbled items of this hastily-written diary, let us warn him while there is yet time that a knowledge of Chinese characters implies the power of writing them; and that a man who says he can recognise characters but cannot write them must perforce remain for ever an inaccurate and unreliable scholar. There are those who will boldly assert the falsehood of the principle we have here ventured to lay down; but such will always be found belong to the ranks of those "who know characters but cannot write them," and amidst their loudest vociferations and most violent statements the minds of their audience will inevitably wander away to the fable of the monkey who had lost his tail.

23rd.—Early this morning we reached Sam-ho-pa (三河墳), and took breakfast in the presence of a shrieking and

excited audience. Between our own boat and the bank were two other boats, so that the people standing there did not get a first-rate view. This difficulty was soon obviated by a ferry-man who took three punts off the regular line and ran them from the Sam-ho-pa bank round to the other side of our boat where they delayed to receive another freight of sight-seers for a similar trip. Thus immense numbers were gratified by the sight of a very singular wild animal—at feeding-time too—and the ferry-man, who charged the usual ferry fee of a cash per passenger, realized the earnings of several days in the short space of a single hour.

The pagodas in this neighbourhood are of only two, or at most three, storeys. Such buildings are of course expensive and the people here are poor. Yet we noticed no diminution in the number or size of the joss-houses scattered about the hills. From the cabin of our boat we have counted as many as four, all in sight at once. Buddhism has still a firm grip upon the minds of the people which will not easily be relaxed.

Shortly after leaving Sam-ho-pa we passed the first *bonâ fide* specimen of terrace cultivation that we had seen during ten years residence in various parts of China. We had frequently observed some half-dozen and more terraces one above the other, cut out at the base of a hill in continuation as it were of the valley below; but here was a high hill terraced right away to the very top, and presenting the appearance at a distance of an enormous flight of steps. We counted the terraces and found there were forty-three. Several pretty little farms with brown children and the inevitable water-buffalo at the door relieved here and there the monotony of the hills, which for the last ten miles or so had been of an unvarying green. Now and then a grave met

the eye, looking in its solitary whiteness like the target of a distant rifle-butt. We noticed only one shut in by the horse-shoe of trees which Chinamen love to think excludes the wind from the sacred bones of their departed ancestors. But all were placed in some gentle dip on the hill-side where the good influences of nature collect to lap them in eternal slumbers. Our attention was here called off to flocks of wild geese flying over head in a northerly direction, and forming the two characters 人 *jén* man and 一 *yih* one as the Chinese say is their wont. From these the eye wanders to some exquisite groups of bamboo, the tops of which bend gracefully over, for all the world like Prince of Wales's feathers. And now the boatman informs us that away among the hills on the right bank are man-eating tigers, and that two children were carried away last year by them and one the year before. There is evidently enough cover to justify his statement, and we accordingly accept it without protest.

We are now passing the very spot where the famous recluse Lu Chu-ch'i 陸竹溪 spent so many years of his existence

"Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,"
in the company of his books alone. A large *omnium gatherum* shop stands upon the site of his one-roomed hut, and before it there is an aged banyan tree which we should like to believe once screened the sage from the rays of a July sun. Yet sage as he was, spurning the society of his fellow-men, he did not altogether despise some of the pleasures of life, as the reader will be able to judge from the following anecdote. One night, when he was on a visit to the city of Ch'ao-yang, he dined with a party of friends, and took such a quantity of wine that he was positively unable to walk and fell flat down in

the middle of the street. By and by the Prefect came along in his chair, and seeing him lying right in the fair-way roared at him to get up. But Lu Chu-ch'i merely raised himself lazily on his elbow and replied "You are the Prefect: that's your business. I'm drunk: that's my business." And he followed up this telling argument by an impromptu couplet, as follows:—

"Though the torrent be swift it can ne'er carry off the
moon-beam that lights up its bed;

"Though the mountain be high yet it cannot arrest the fast-
flying cloud overhead."

The original words of which are:—

水急難沈灘底月
山高不碍白雲飛

Thereupon the Prefect ordered his servants to help the stranger home, "For, truly," said he, "this is no ordinary man."

A bend of the river brought us, during our usual afternoon walk, suddenly upon a small Hakka village. Dogs flew out and barked in all directions, and we were soon ↓ surrounded by a bevy of women and children, with only one man among them. The men are chiefly employed in the boat traffic up and down the river; cultivation of the fields is left to their wives and daughters. They are a simple, goodnatured lot, but very dirty. It was amusing to find that a native of the Ch'ao-chou Fu district who was with us and could speak no language but his own, did not understand these Hakkas as well as we ourselves, and was perfectly unintelligible to them. Every now and then we managed to detect a word of mandarin, such as *yu* (有) have got, and *ch'ien* (錢) money, and so succeeded in arranging for the purchase of four eggs at about ten times their real value. Suddenly one of the women who had got

behind us discovered that we had no tail, and a deafening shout was raised by the entire village as the news spread rapidly from one to another. But they nearly all went into fits of excitement when we removed our "Christy's Patent "Machine Made" and betrayed a crop almost of Parisian closeness. They said we were the first of our race they had ever seen, and that there was not a single person in their village who could either read or write. For all that they did not strike us as being a lower order of humanity than the inhabitants of many a Welsh out-of-the-way hamlet. Wishing them good-bye, we took our way once more along the narrow path cut on the precipitous hills which flank the river on both sides. We gradually got accustomed to seeing a sheer fall of many feet on one hand and nothing to catch hold of on the other but surface-deep plants and weeds. Now and then a bridge, to call small things by great names, made us wish that in youth we had acquired *le pied montagnard* on some treacherous Alpine path. A gap of anything from ten to twenty feet in breadth by about sixty-five feet (we omit fractions) in depth, spanned by three narrow planks, is sufficiently uninviting to people who have not been trained to rope-dancing. On one occasion we found the middle plank quite rotted away at the further end, so that the iron rivet which held the three together was exposed to view, and we experienced a violent rush of blood to the head as we stopped there a moment over the gulf below to adjust our feet carefully on the two exterior planks which were sound. We found, however, that the will could exercise considerable control over this rush of blood, and in response to a determination not to let it confuse our thoughts, we felt it begin gradually to subside. In less dangerous places, three bamboos are usually tied together and thrown

across, and the naked foot of the local mountaineer finds no trouble in stepping lightly across. But beneath the barbarian boot, these bamboo poles always feel as if they must turn round, besides being smooth and slippery enough to make the passage across anything but comfortable and secure.

24.—This morning we arrived at the 大蓬辨 *Ta-féng-pien* rapids which are considered among the most dangerous of all about here; so much so that a proverb has sprung up and is now widely used in the Ch'ao-chou department by numbers who are quite ignorant of its origin. It runs thus:—

“Lose a pole, and you're back to Sam-ho-pah.”

失一篙轉去三河堤

For the stream is so swift just at this point that much valuable time would be lost if one of the boatmen dropped his punt-pole into the water. The usual application of the proverb is to any arduous undertaking in which the least slip would be fatal.

Having had unseasonably hot weather up to to-day, we are now treated to a temperature which calls for a thick great-coat at breakfast. Yet these wonderful boatmen make no change in their costume unless it is to wrap up their heads in a blue calico turban, leaving their legs and backs well exposed to the pitiless north-easter which makes us delicate mortals shiver again. From one year's end to the other they seem never to put on either shoes or stockings; but, somewhat contrary to our notions, they are very careful to keep their heads as warm as they can. Tradition says that the turbans worn by the natives in this part of the empire were first put on at the opening of the present dynasty,

when, sullenly submitting to the Manchu power, they sought to hide the hated badge of slavery—the shaven head and plaited tail which the victorious Tartars imposed upon the conquered race.

Meanwhile we are slowly passing a seven-storeyed octagonal pagoda with a small red temple at its foot sacred to **文昌** the God of Literature, from which point the hills on both sides recede inland and leave us to wind our way through an open and apparently fertile plain until we reach Sung-k'ou **松口** where they again take their place on either bank of the river. The chilly air has a tendency to sharpen the appetite, as we remark during five minutes' conversation with the "man at the wheel;" but this infallible guide assures us that the phenomenon is due to the amount of wood all round us, which causes digestion to take place more rapidly than usual—and we bow forthwith to his decision. For is he not a child of the same soil that produced the sages of antiquity? And did not those sages examine closely into the nature of things and deduce certain fixed laws to remain unchallenged for all time? But we have thrown an apple of discord on to the boatmen's dinner-table—the deck. They have taken up the theory of cold weather increasing the appetite and are talking for their very lives. And as we are rather in the proverb-trade to-day, we will just mention a saying apropos of the long tongues of these Hakka boatmen.

"Three Hakkas and three Ch'ao-yang men will talk enough to stun you."

三個客人三個潮陽人話嘅聒死人

But as Mark Twain observed, when he was told that a vessel of 1000 tons was bearing down on them, that "800 tons " would be sufficient for him," so we feel it a duty to state

that peradventure two Hakkas would be enough to do the trick without any Ch'ao-yang men at all. Which digressions are quite diverting our attention from the extraordinary looking village of Sung-k'ou, which one would certainly say had just been burnt out by a fire, so blackened and smoky are its houses and walls. The curious feature is the height of the houses, nearly all being of three and many of four storeys. They are evidently poor miserable tenements, with the single exception of the local pawn-shop which flaunts its huge sign 當 on a lofty and well-kept outer wall. We stop here a few minutes only and then pole slowly up stream before a large and wondering crowd. The washer-woman almost drops her bâton with astonishment,

"Ixion rests upon his wheel,"

and youthful Hakkas scream and shout with excitement. There is an end, however, to all panoramas, and we were soon snatched from their eager gaze, to gaze very shortly ourselves upon the hill-side where they say may be traced the lineaments of a beautiful woman. But we gazed and gazed in vain. Perhaps the lady was shy and would not shew herself to strangers, though that excuse will not hold good for the gentleman on the other side of the water, whose features were equally indistinct.

At this point we met long rafts of wood coming down with the stream upon their difficult and dangerous course. They say at Swatow that there are three hard trades for a poor man,—

1. Managing rafts.
2. Carrying young fish to stock ponds.
3. Cutting fuel on the hills.

In the first trade the allusion is to the cumbrous and unmanageable nature of the rafts, which are often of immense

extent and very troublesome to guide. To carry young fish it is necessary to keep up a very tiresome jogging motion so that the water in which they are kept shall be well shaken about, otherwise the fish will die. In the third case the fuel-cutter cuts away all day until he is thoroughly tired and hungry, and then he has to carry a heavy load home.

In the afternoon we took our usual walk, but it was short and not of an eventful character. We came across a notice warning people to abstain from cutting down bamboos in the neighbourhood at the risk of incurring the wrath and vengeance of the clan 葉, the rightful owners. And farther on at the door of a road-side tea-shop, we saw pasted up the following "infallible prescription" (仙方), which was stated to be a certain remedy for all kinds of sudden and violent complaints such as cholera and like diseases. "Take six mace weight of soap-stone: wash and pound fine. "Add one mace weight of liquorice, also well washed and "pounded. Boil these two in a mixture of *yin* and *yang* " (male and female, i.e., hot and cold) water: stir in a little "honey, and drink to the very dregs. It will then be "necessary to leave off beef and dog-flesh, which taken at "any subsequent period will bring the disease back again." The reader was further requested not to despise this prescription because of its simplicity, but to give it a fair and impartial trial. We wonder if any one has yet done so, and if it did him good.

Before getting on board again we watch the boatmen haul our boat up the last set of rapids we shall pass to-night. At this spot, the *tai-kong* tells us, both passenger and cargo boats were very frequently capsized until a year or two ago when the Grand Examiner happened to pass by on his way to Canton, and hearing of the dangers of the place disembarked

with his suite and passed a whole night in fervent prayer to the Empress of the Sky at one of her little temples on the bank. Since that time, he assured us, not a single boat had been upset. "Poor trusting soul!" we muttered in a language that happily he could not understand, "go on thy simple way, and we will go on ours. It is not for us to criticise too sharply the superstition that drags thee down to earth. For the film that keeps back light from the eyes of our own countrymen, though broken, is not yet drawn away." But we bitterly lament our inability to infuse the last brilliant paragraph à la Sterne into the mind of this Hakka *tai-kong*, since few things are more appreciated in China than a good turgid metaphor.

25th.—Almost the first thing we saw this morning was a large bird sitting at the water's edge and evidently in search of its breakfast. The boatmen said it was a *fish-catch-bird* 吊魚鳥 *tiao yü niao* and we take our bill quickly and write down cormorant. Shortly after we arrived at a busy village called 四村市 *Ping ts'un shih* and saw the first bridge across the river since we left Ch'ao-chou Fu. But this was only a rickety structure of ill-lashed trestles, and constantly succumbs, as we were told, to the swollen stream or an extra heavy gale of wind. In the middle was a small plank house, where sat the toll-taker and his mate, receiving one cash from every passenger. While at some distance off, and before our unusual presence had arrested the tide of traffic backwards and forwards, we counted as many as thirty-seven people on the bridge at once. Just beyond the village there was a rapid—it was in fact a day of rapids with us—of considerable power and extent, and by its side were waiting large numbers of Hakka women to earn some twenty cash a piece by helping to haul us up. It took about sixteen

women to each boat with the boatmen poling as hard as they could all the time, and even then it was as much as they could manage. Every now and again one of the punt-poles would slip off a stone at the bottom of the river and the boatman lose his hold, or the torrent would catch the bow at an advantage and whirl it round so as nearly to throw all the women on their backs. The shrieks of the boatmen during the whole performance were perfectly deafening, and it was an auricular relief to find ourselves safely at the top. We next saw how the streams which rush down from the hills to feed the river are not allowed to waste their kinetic energy. Just above the junction there is generally one or more huge wheels, say thirty-five feet in diameter, looking exactly like the paddle-wheel of a steamer. Transversely across what would be the tire of an ordinary wheel are secured joints of bamboo at about three feet apart, not horizontally, but nearly at an angle of 45°. These joints are open at one end only, and when they go under water with the wheel turned by the stream, the open end is uppermost. They are thus filled with water, and so conveyed up to the highest point of the wheel, after which the bamboo has its inclination directly reversed and the water is shot out of the open end into a trough arranged to receive and carry it down to the thirsty paddle-fields below.

Thence on up numerous rapids and through much beautiful scenery, sometimes soft and green, sometimes rugged and brown, but in all cases

“Meet nurse for a poetic child,”

even of the Mongolian type of bard. And with such exquisite fields of inspiration at their command, we cannot wonder at the flow of verse which has for many centuries

deluged the empire and to a certain extent continues to do so still. Yet Chinese poetry has but few charms even for the most enthusiastic student. Crowded allusions and forced conceits are apt to pall upon an ear accustomed to the bold flights and generous sentiment of Western song; though upon an educated Chinaman the effect is all that could be desired. Now and then we may pause perhaps longer than usual over such a charming couplet as

有花有酒春常在
無月無燈夜自明

which may be roughly rendered :—

“With wine and flowers we chase the hours in one eternal spring;
“No moon, no light to cheer the night—thyself that ray must bring.”

But as a rule Chinese poetry is hard reading, and does not repay the effort. As an instance, however, of the change that all things sooner or later must undergo, we may mention that the celebrated modern poet 何紹基 Ho Shao-chi, who was born in the year 1808, actually introduced the word “steamer” into a stanza of his written on the occasion of a voyage down the Yang-tze some years ago. The actual lines are :—

鄂州試上火輪船
震耳風濤廢食眠
兩晝一宵飛似馬
中關殷遇酒如泉

“At Hankow I went for the first time on a steamer;
“The noise stunned me, and the wind and waves prevented me from eating and sleeping.

“Two days and one night we flew along like a horse;
“At a Custom-house on the way I met a good friend whose wine gushed out like a spring.”

There is some touching story about the way in which this

He provided a dowry for his daughter, but we have forgotten it. All we recollect of his history is that his integrity was above suspicion, and that he had five wives and five concubines.

In the afternoon, while passing a small cluster of houses on the hill-side, we were startled at hearing a voice call out from one of them "Sir! Sir! are you English?" We looked round and saw a smart Chinaman smiling all over his face and coming down to meet us. He then explained, in fair English, that he had been some time in Calcutta, whither he was going to return at the end of the three months. He said his name was 林阿耀 Lin Ah-yao, and that he was in the employ of a tailor, Harman & Co., which he spelt out very creditably—H, a, r, m, a, n. We asked him if he could speak Hindustani, to which he replied that he could, and fired off a sentence with great volubility. We do not know whether Messrs. Harman & Co. have really a local habitation as well as a name; in any case, it was refreshing to meet a Chinaman in these lonely wilds who shewed no great anxiety about the texture of our trousers and shape of our hat, and to whom we appeared as a being composed very much of the same elements as himself. We bade him good-bye, promising on our way through Calcutta to call and take a suit of clothes from the establishment of Messrs. Harman and Co.; but we felt at the moment as the Ephesian Christians felt when they fell on Paul's neck and kissed him—that we should see his face no more.

Here and there along the banks we passed a spacious rain-pavilion, erected by some charitable persons who did not omit to set up a stone in some conspicuous part of it, with their names ostentatiously carved thereon and the amount

subscribed by each. So, wherever the mountain path was extra good, we might be sure of seeing a tablet commemorating the virtue of those who put it in repair. Finding little to interest us on shore, except the ricks of dried weeds and hay piled up on frames about five feet from the ground for the water-buffalos to get underneath and pull their food comfortably down without waste, we took a seat, like Xerxes, on a rocky brow that overlooked the last rapid we were going to pass that night. Happily the scene at Salamis was not enacted over again upon the hulls of our fragile fleet: we got in safely to the top, to dinner, and to bed.

26th.—At length, after a weary succession of interminable rapids we arrived within sight of the city of Kia-ying Chou. The first thing to greet our eyes was of course the usual pagoda, which was one of the plainest of its kind we had ever seen. We then passed a creek leading to another part of the town, and noticed some way up a fine stone bridge of four large arches. When within about quarter of a mile from the landing-place we could see that the mud quay was one dense mass of moving blue. The news of our arrival had preceded the fact, and the whole city had turned out to catch a sight of the barbarian. It was evident that the people of Kia-ying were unused to novelties in general and barbarians in particular, for when we landed the uproar was something tremendous, and it was as much as thirty soldiers could manage to make a passage for us to the chair and keep us from being crushed into a jelly when there. Shouts of "He is come! He is come!" preceded us along the street as we moved slowly by at a snail's pace, and every time we turned a corner there would be a general rush of the crowd and mingled cries of "The barbarian! The barbarian! The Devil! The Devil!" But it

was all in good faith, as the highwayman said when he tied his rifled victim to a tree. No offence was meant, and accordingly we did not insist on being insulted. We shall remain barbarians and devils in Chinese eyes for many years to come; for with these simple-minded people every one who is not of them belongs necessarily to a *fan pang* (番邦) or barbarian nation. As we passed along no person offered us a material insult of any kind; there was no stone-throwing and no jostling of the chair or other unpleasantness. There was merely an extreme anxiety to get a fair view, and in this the sight-seers themselves were the only sufferers, as they tumbled about and knocked each other over in the excitement of the struggle. Meanwhile we looked round in vain for any remarkable monument which might attract the eye. With the exception of a few common-place joss-houses there was positively nothing but long dirty streets of dirty shops, evidencing the poverty of the inhabitants. The houses which skirt the bank are mostly of two or three storeys in height, with a small verandah to each storey overlooking the river. Altogether Kia-ying Chou is not a city worth visiting for its own sake, as we found out in a very short time, hurrying off next morning at day-break *en route* for Ch'ang-lé (長樂).

27th. For an hour or two in the early morning we had a fair wind, and hoisted the great sails which when fully spread out give the appearance of an open fan. These boats are flat-bottomed and of very light draught, so that they can make no pretence to sail on a wind. But running free they will shew as much as 300 square feet of canvas, which carries them along even against the stream at a very fair pace. Our happiness, however, was of miserably short duration. Rain began to fall in torrents, and we were soon

at anchor, with nothing left us but to wonder how long the flimsy bamboo awning would keep the water out. Luckily we were not destined to the horrors of a leaking boat; rain, and heavy rain, fell for many hours without causing any discomfort in that respect. The river rose rapidly and was soon a broad stream, rushing past at about five miles an hour, and if we had only been going down stream instead of up, we should have travelled as fast as we could have wished. But the boatmen are unable to pole in the rain; the poles get wet and slip out of their hands, and their feet can yet no firm hold of the deck. As to the rain and cold, they don't seem to mind either, always leaving their legs and feet bare, and frequently letting their wet clothes dry on them. Of their heads they are ever careful, wrapping them up in turbans and putting on a large umbrella hat whenever it is cold or rainy. And this reminds us of a curious custom among the divers on the sea-coast in this part of China. The night before they are going to have a spell of diving they all bind up their heads tightly with the usual cloth turban, and let it remain on all night, declaring that the omission of this precaution is sure to entail severe headache and an inability to stop under water. Whether this may be mere imagination or not, we do not venture to say; but we will add one more short anecdote about which there can be very little doubt. A Chinese literate, newly arriving at Swatow, was asked by a friend to share a prettily-situated little house on the Kak-chio side, beneath which ran a mountain stream. At first he seemed very pleased at finding a lodging gratis, and a congenial companion; but in a few weeks he took his leave, asserting that the water running underneath the house "carried all his happiness and good-luck away."

28th.—We are seriously thinking that if this rain lasts much longer it will carry most of our happiness away, that happiness consisting at present chiefly in tinned soups and Château Pomys, both of which luxuries are disappearing at an alarming rate, considering that it may possibly rain for a week and so prevent us from moving forward a single yard. But we reflect that man should train himself to emulate the almighty cash, and be

志圓行方

“Round in disposition, square in action.”

the character 行 being read in the 去聲; or as applicable to the cash

質圓行方

“Round in shape, convenient for use.”

行 being here read in the 下平; the sentence being of course a play upon words, and a very fair example of the Chinese pun.

Towards the afternoon there was a slight improvement in the weather, and the boatmen set to work to struggle with the stream which was every moment widening and increasing in rapidity. Inch by inch they fought their way, now clinging like grim death to the overhanging bamboos on the bank, and now scrambling ashore with a line to tow the boat round a difficult corner. Sometimes when the river took a wide bend we would creep up as far as possible against the extra rush of water, and then suddenly letting go everything make a dash, as if for dear life, to get to the other side where the current was less boisterous and the bank more adapted for towing. The slightest relaxation on the part of the boatmen and away we would go down stream, losing in one minute the toil perhaps of half an hour. It was a most exciting scene to watch, enlivened by the shrieks of the sailors as they

changed a long pole for a short one or snatched up a boat-hook to make a forlorn-hope grab at the receding land. Once only we noticed the bow of the boat get too far away from the shore, and the current was just catching it to whirl it round with irresistible force when one of the men seized a huge oar, and thrusting it down straight into the water, made the side of the boat his fulcrum and by sheer strength brought us back parallel with the bank. Another instant and we should have been whizzing down stream, probably to crash into the boat that was following us. By looking over the river side of his boat, the traveller may enjoy to the full that exquisite sense of the Glory of Motion. He seems to be cutting through the water at terrific speed, and sees and hears the rush of the tide breaking over the bow. But like the peacock, which struts about in the magnificent pride of its hundred-eyed tail until by chance it catches a glimpse of the hideous feet below, when suddenly down fall all its beautiful feathers in humbled vexation of spirit,—so will the joy of our traveller be changed into sadness when he turns his gaze to the shore and finds that he is really moving at the rate of about $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile per hour.

Along the bank we notice a few dripping pedestrians, all barefooted, as is the universal custom among the Hakkas, but many of them carrying those little hand-stoves containing lighted charcoal which are more usually seen in the north. Our boatmen, however, do not seem to know the meaning of cold any more than the boy Nelson knew the meaning of fear. They plunge into the water up to their middles and wade along the half-immersed banks sometimes for an hour together. When they get on board they look as if nothing had happened; they make no attempt to dry themselves, but sit down as they are and smoke a quiet

pipe. Every now and then while towing along the shore they execute a raid upon the the vegetables within their reach, and carry off whole armfuls without reference to ownership.

29th.—The morning broke cloudy but without rain. We accordingly elected to make the best of the flying hour and enjoy a walk upon the bank. As we landed, the boatmen discovered a fish-trap set close by, and at once drew it up to possess themselves of whatever spoil might be found in it. But they were disappointed, and threw it back with a growl. Very few fish indeed are caught in this river, and such as there are do not repay any one but a Chinaman for the cost and trouble of cooking them. We noticed several Hakka women dipping about along the shore with hand-nets, but as far as we could make out they swept the niggard stream in vain. And rightly so; for were they not transgressing the precepts of their mighty master who fished indeed with a rod and line, like a true sportsman, but never used a net? With Confucius fishing was a contest of skill between himself and each individual life; not the deadly blockade which only requires time and patience, no thought or address, on the part of cold-blooded besiegers. There were days too when the great sage would take his bow and wander away among the hills in search of quarry. We do not know with what result. History does not say if his hand was steady and his eye quick; but it does tell us in plain and simple language that he who would not fish with a net scorned also to take the advantage of a "pot-shot." His birds were killed upon the wing, and thus regarded by him as fair and lawful prize.

Passing a huge banian, we were so struck by its immense girth that we proceeded to measure it with an umbrella. It

took sixteen umbrellas to surround it, which measurement we cautiously repeated the other way round and with the same result; but after all the length of the umbrella remained an unknown quantity and will continue so until civilisation regained supplies us with a foot rule. Shortly after this we came upon a small market-town or fair, which was in a filthy state owing to the late rains. And the smells! those sacred smells, in the very midst of which which Chinamen live and breathe and have their being, they were there in full bouquet that day. So we hurried through with speed, just having time to observe a large square of covered sheds—evidently the market-place—surrounded on all sides by shops, and forgetting, in our anxiety to breathe, to ask the name of the town.

Later on in the afternoon, we sighted 畚坑 Yü-k'êng, a busy and prosperous place; its prosperity being due of course to a delicate adjustment of Fêng-shui in the shape of several correctly placed pagodas in the neighbourhood. Here again, as at Kia-ying Chou, the news of our arrival had preceded us; and the prospect of a novel spectacle drew many a blue-coated idler to the bank. It was moreover market-day, and the crowd was unusually large. Men, women, and children, were ranged in close-packed tiers, and were straining every eye to get a sight of the wild man. Not to disappoint them, we placed a chair on the little deck outside the housed part of the boat, and calmly prepared to run the gauntlet of about four thousand eyes. Hardly a sound was uttered as our boat was poled slowly by at a distance of some ten or fifteen yards from the shore. The crowd seem lost in astonishment at a human being wearing a different dress from their own, and with facial lineaments of other than Mongolian type. They stared and stared as if their very eyes would drop out, but

there was no excitement and not a word of questionable civility. Behind the crowd on the bank, the upper windows of one and two storeyed houses were crammed to overflowing. The owners, if they had only the wit to think of it, must have let them at a good figure, and cleared perhaps their quarter's rent. For our own part, we now began fully to realize one of the intense discomforts of royalty. To be a mark for every eye, a bull's-eye for every well or ill directed piece of vulgar criticism—"See! see! he's moving. He's "shutting his eyes! He's folding his arms! He's blowing "his nose!"—is indeed a high price to pay even for the luxury of a throne. And it is needless to call attention to the fact that we were paying the price without enjoying the throne. But the babies—as the mandarins call them—were evidently enjoying themselves. We were to them an object of deep wonder, if not of admiration. Perhaps there were not ten amongst them who had ever seen a foreigner, before, and it may be some time before they see another. We mean a *bond fide* foreigner, dressed in the full height of barbarian fashion; for there are a few French missionaries scattered about the hills at no great distance from here, but they wear Chinese clothes and shave the head *à la queue de cochon*. And the conversations that will be held over the rice-bowl and pipe when the crowd before us has separated and gathered again, each individual member at his own domestic hearth! How they will tell the unlucky absent ones that the red-haired barbarian was bearded like the pard, and wore a queer-looking hat. That at the moment he did not appear to be drunk or engaged in knocking any one's brains out, as reputed to be the usual occupations of foreigners in China. But perhaps he was, cat-like, watching his opportunity, re-

culant pour mieux sauter, (or, as the Chinese put it, 屈以梁伸也 *Ch'ü i ch'iu shên yeh*), and spying around in search of a rich harvest of Chinamen's eyes and hearts. Whatever might be the sense of such home gossip, what would we not give to overhear it? The torture of being stared at would become a penance of love if it could only teach us what the Chinese really think and feel with regard to ourselves. It may be safely asserted that no one as yet knows this; for Chinamen do not talk unconstrainedly in the presence of foreigners any more than we do in the presence of Chinese. But from our press they can learn in what light we regard their manners and customs, their dress, their superstitions, their vices and their virtues; while we are still without this source of a truer insight into Chinese thought than can be gathered from the lips of a pedantic and interested teacher. Meanwhile we are moving slowly but surely on. The town is far behind us, and the garping crowd, still lingering there, fades into an indistinguishable bank of blue, until a bend of the river hurries away the scene and sweeps it into our dreams for ever.

30th.—An early morning walk through fast-drying mud brought us to an elegant pagoda of somewhat unusual form. Over the entrance, on a slab of blue stone which looked very like slate, were carved the two characters 聯珠 (*lien-chu*) 'strung pearls.' The third (of course 塔 *ta*) seemed to have been broken violently off as if by some malicious hand; but the slab being let deep into the wall, we did not see how this could have been readily accomplished. Making enquiries among the few villagers who had collected to watch us, an old man directed our attention to a root of the deadly banian which he said had forced its way us usual behind the

stone and at length broken off a piece. This was unsatisfactory, for we could not understand why it should not rather have forced out the whole stone instead of merely snapping off about a third, and that third at the thinnest part, some $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch thick. However, in China age is authority, and no one dares dispute the dictum of those who, in the exquisite native idiom, are "drawing near the wood." (將就木矣 *Chiang chiu mu i*). Yet Confucius warned his disciples against a contemptuous treatment of youth, pointing out that the future of any young man may, for aught we know, be superior to our own present. As it was we accepted the patriarch's verdict with a bow, and passed on to examine a little kiln for burning up written paper which stood in front of the pagoda. What a glorious sample of self-deception is this harmless custom, which, by the way, presses upon the ears neither of merchant, missionary, nor diplomatist. To believe that the spirit of the heaven-born sages who centuries back in the immeasurable past gave the art of writing to man, has mingled with the vile substance of the paper whereon a single character is traced, is just one of those strained theories which the Chinese delight to hold. Luckily it does no harm to any one, and they may go on piously collecting each errant scrap and building votive stoves for the consumption thereof, until they and their precious symbols of thought shall alike have passed away and left not a wrack behind. Still we can distinctly remember the horror with which, as a child, we listened to the story of a wicked boy who threw down the Bible and stamped upon it. The superstition is the same, only confined probably with us to the narrow limits of a single work; whereas with the Chinese it embraces all literature—the pregnant utterances of the sage, the ribald songs of the Suburra. Beyond

the stove, and overhanging the precipitous bank of the river, was a small temple dedicated to the God of Literature. We gently pushed open the door and beheld—not the god himself—but another old gentleman in the act of having his head shaved. He rose to welcome us, but a glance shewed us that the *ci-devant* temple had been changed, at any rate temporarily, into a dwelling-house. There was nothing to attract our attention and accordingly we beat a hasty retreat. To thoroughly interpret the scene, we need only beg the reader to picture to himself a gentleman being shampooed in the nave of an English church, while three or four of his servants are frying sprats in the chancel. So we bade adieu to the String-of-Pearls Pagoda, calling to mind as we did so a little volume of poems for the young, entitled “Pearls of “Thought strung in Rhyme,” presented to us some years ago by no less a personage than the authoress herself. A stanza of one of these had sunk deep into our very soul, abiding in peace side by side with other flowers culled at random from the wide field of the magnificent literature of England. The subject was the sailor’s life, its infinite hardships and danger; and the verse in question ran thus :

A ship ahoy! I see a boy
As he sits up aloft in the clouds ;
His messmates down there nor reck nor care,
As they pace the deck in crowds.

and here we are again diverted momentarily from the main issue by our allusion to one at least of the splendid literatures of the West. For it is almost our daily fate when conversing with Chinese strange to the ways of life of the European to be asked if foreigners have books—sometimes even if they have pens and ink. These are probably the most irritating of all questions that could by any ingenuity

be invented to discompose the serenity it is so necessary to observe towards Chinamen of all ranks and classes. We can smile when they enquire if we have beef, mutton, rice, corn, and pork, in that mysterious land which lies beyond the utmost limits of the known horizon ; or, if we have a fixed government, and whether it is true or not that we are ruled by a perpetual dynasty of women. All this can be passed over with a laugh, and be quietly and briefly explained ; but to be asked if we have *books*, we, the heirs of all the ages, whose very children of ten and twelve years old possess more real solid knowledge than all the members of the Han-lin Academy put together—this is trying indeed. Especially so when nothing but a comparatively intimate acquaintance with our literature could convince the self-satisfied Confucian that we have anything to compare with his own most sacred store. But in half an hour we cannot give him this, and, so he goes away, believing perhaps that we actually have “books” in our wild barbarian tongue, but settling it once for all in his own mind that they would be of no earthly advantage to the gifted citizens of the Flowery Land. We have a valued friend whose daily and nightly thought is how to raise the Chinese to a just appreciation of what foreigners have achieved in Literature as well as in the sister-realm of Science. He would show them that we are not altogether wrapped up in the material benefits of telegraphy and steam, but that many among us are

Ever delicately marching
Through most pellucid air—

in an atmosphere that the Chinese vainly believe is confined only to themselves. He would translate into their own expressive language the master-pieces that western nations think have helped to make them what they are ; and we

should coincide readily enough with his views but for the conviction that for many years to come such works would command little or no sale. In the first place, the translations would have to be well executed; and in the second, the secret of their authorship would have to be rigorously concealed. Otherwise the literati would not hesitate to damn them unread, suspecting the hated element of Christianity to lie concealed at the bottom. Mr. Hermann Budler—for we need conceal no names—was, we believe, the first to subscribe to the Polytechnic Institution for the Chinese at Shanghai, an establishment about which we are now hear little or nothing; and he has since started on a more moderate scale a similar undertaking at Amoy. All success to those generous efforts for the thankless and suspecting objects of them; but we cannot believe that the gems of western literature will ever pass current among the Chinese until the day shall come when the proud literate not only condescends but is enthusiastically eager to seek for them himself. Even then it may be found to be as true of nations as the witty Chinese proverb says is the case with individuals, namely, that there is a fatal admiration for

One's own compositions, but other men's wives.

自己的文章人家的老婆。

Thus we maunder on, until we notice what we have never before observed in our many long rambles in China—a finger-post. A small stone at a forked road informed us that

左	至	右
河		大
口		家

the right-hand path would bring us to a village, the left-hand path to the bank of the river. These conveniences of

life should be common enough amongst the practical Chinese, and they may be so, but we cannot recollect ever seeing one before. They would form a capital vehicle for that form of philanthropic charity which is so often exhibited in bridges and roads, and might be duly inscribed with the name and address of the giver. No one near seemed to know who had put up the particular stone we saw or when it was done. We asked a native what he called it, and he said it was a 引路 *yin-lu* or "short the way." Late in the afternoon we passed the market-town of 七都河口 *Ch'i-tu-ho-k'ou*, above which we anchored for the night.

31st.—The boatmen woke us up before daylight by what was for them a most unusual anxiety to get under way. We were not long in discovering the cause. At a secluded point in a bamboo-shaded bend of the river, they ran the boat alongside the bank, and were instantly met by a number of suspicious-looking gentlemen with baskets who soon relieved them of the smuggled salt and separated in different directions. We had noticed the night before the absence of our "captain," but we thought he had only gone to visit his father and mother, who, he told us, resided in the neighbourhood. This little affair comfortably arranged, we glided quietly on until within a mile or so of Ch'ang-lê, 長樂, when the water became so shallow that we stuck fast every minute. We then awaked to the fact that the rain, which had caused so much annoyance a few days before, had really been a great boon and had enabled us to reach this point without any serious stoppage. But now no rain had fallen for some days and the river had sunk accordingly. So the boatmen set to work in real earnest to push the boat which drew say two feet, through more than half a mile of water nowhere over one foot ten inches in depth. The uproar

they made was something hideous, even for ears well habituated to the melody of six or seven Chinamen all talking at once. They screeched ; they ran up and down the boat ; they stood on their heads—or at any rate appeared to do so, with their legs far up in the air on the high prow of the boat and their shoulders on the puntpoles down at the very water's edge. Then some of them would get into the water, and at length by dint of many long shoves, and strong shoves, and shoves altogether, we positively found ourselves abreast of the district city of Ch'ang-lê. But nothing of it can be seen from the river : the city lies half-a-mile distant from the shore, and so low that its streets are usually flooded for about two months out of every year. The captain then presented himself before us with a long face and said he regretted that the state of the water would not permit him to accompany us to 岐嶺, Ch'i-ling, the farthest point to which the traveller can proceed by water and where it becomes necessary for him to cross the hills in a sedan-chair. He had however sent off for a couple of local boats which drew less water than his own and would travel much faster. These were alongside in a few minutes and were ordinary open sampans with a bamboo mat bent over the middle part and open at both ends ; very different from the luxurious two-roomed house-boats, with doors (though porous), in which we had made the journey so far. Yet there was nothing to be done but to get our baggage moved on board as soon as possible ; and while fixing up a mat at one of the open ends and two half doors at the other, we comforted ourselves by reflecting that after all it was only for a single night. So we sat down to a delicious giblet soup, hoping for the best, and at the same time arranging both a great-coat and a macintosh within reach. The cup—of sherry—was actually

at our lips, when without we heard a gentle *sifflement*, followed by that sound we knew so well, and in a moment both candles were blown out by a gust of wind, and rain began to patter distinctly on the miserable covering overhead. We put down the untasted sherry, lighted one of the candles under the table, and prepared for the worst. Happily the worst had come. It was nothing: a false alarm; but the sky outside looked threateningly black, and the moon forgot to rise. We had intended to make some progress by moon-light this evening; but the boatmen, wiser in their generation, had foreseen a dark night and gone off quietly to bed. Now the author of the *Hitopadesa* tells us in one of the early *slokas* of that tedious work that—

In the enjoyment of sacred poetry the time of the wise passeth
[away ;
But the time of fools in dissipation, slumber and strife.

So we solemnly repeated these lines over the curled-up forms of our snoring sailors, blanked them all round, and retired to rest ourselves.

1st April.—Wonderful to relate, our cook—a Chinaman forsooth!—passed a sleepless night. Consequently he roused up the boatmen long before it was light and made them struggle onwards a few *li* before breakfast. After that refreshing meal—no jaded gourmand's milkless tea and butterless toast, but such a breakfast as only a traveller's digestive organs can successfully cope with—we found ourselves strolling slowly along the bank amidst scenery that reminded us of the valley of the Thames. The river continued of a considerable breadth, but so shallow that nothing but a flat-bottomed Chinese sampan could have floated us comfortably along. It is even doubtful if we shall reach 岐嶺 Ch'i-ling. Possibly we may be obliged to disembark at 青溪 Ch'ing-ch'i

which however will only increase our land journey by about three miles. On the hill-side we noticed a larger number than usual of those earthen-ware urns wherein lie concealed the bones of some departed ancestor, collected perhaps from the broken coffin or the demolished grave by the pious hand of a descendant. Sometimes a small stone is erected near, informing the passing world that the remains of such and such a one are within, reposing in their City of Old Age (壽城). We cannot say whether this term for the last resting-place of the dead is general in China, or merely of local use; but we may assert that we observe throughout this great empire a singular delicacy and refinement in the selection of the language and ceremonies applicable to Death and Burial. The religion of the people is made up of so many and varied elements that it is difficult to say what is the popular belief of the masses as to the life to which they look forward after the dissolution of the body. They believe in a future state; but what that state is supposed to be we have found it impossible to discover. The mysteries of Nirvana have no meaning for the poor and uneducated, however much they may satisfy the cravings of some; and the Hall of Heaven (天堂) is far too vague and immaterial for the ordinary pork-loving Chinaman. He would require a place where there was plenty to eat and drink, no cold and shivering, no grasping and ruthless officials, but a tongue-tied wife and a quiver full of children and grandchildren. Then we could imagine him basking his sleek form in the sun of everlasting happiness, and uttering from the very bottom of his heart—

“Deus nobis hæc otia fecit !”

But we wander from the point—if perchance it may be conceded that we have a point—which was to make a few

desultory remarks on the subject of Chinese graves. In the first place no tomb-stone is ever seen in China engraved with other names than those of a father and mother, a grandfather and grandmother. No "Sacred to the memory" of ———, daughter of ———, aged only 19," as we once saw in Highgate Cemetery, carved at the base of a marble chair which the gentle spirit of the young girl had vacated for ever, leaving her mantle hanging negligently over the back and a dead dove lying on the ground beside. "*Only* 19"—what power and pathos in a single word, requiring no italics in the original inscription, emphasised as it is by the marble scene above. To return once more. We have said that all tombstones in China are erected to the memory either of a father or mother; but as mortality amongst children is naturally as great here as in any other country it becomes a question what is done in the case of the death of a little one. Strange as it may seem, if a boy, he is made a father at once by having some other child posthumously presented to him as his son; and then, when a suitable monument has been erected, the son will in years to come worship there the spirit of his departed father. But if a girl—ah! hers is a sad fate. No son can be made over to her to fulfil those duties by which the Chinese set so much store; but when night has thrown its own dark pall over the scene, she will be hastily laid in a small hole, within reach, if convenient, of the family vault—

"In sight of heaven, though feeling hell"

debarred for ever from participation in the feasts and ceremonies which the Chinese believe can alone give the departed spirit rest. We said the "family vault" because it is usual for the sons of a family with any means at all to prepare the grave, as well as the coffins, of their father and

mother long before the need actually arises. And the old people love to visit the well-chosen spot where they hope that their bones will some day lie; and their names and surnames are carefully inscribed thereon, leaving only the date blank. But hereby hangs a tale. The colour of the characters on a tombstone is a matter of the highest importance. A common custom is—but customs vary much in the Eighteen Provinces—to paint all the characters red at first. Red is the colour of joy; and the passer-by sees at a glance that the vault has no occupant but is only there in readiness against that day which sooner or later must come to each in turn. When that day does arrive, and the father or mother is to be deposited within, the *ming* 名—anglicé, Christian name—of the defunct is painted black or green. So with the survivor; but nothing except the *ming* of each is changed, for the dynasty is still flourishing and the surname still lives in the son whose duty it is to transmit it to posterity even as his forefathers have handed it down to him. There is yet another piece of formality to be observed with regard to the wording of the inscription. It will be best appreciated by those young ladies who have been accustomed to read the future through the mystic medium of cherry-stones:—"Tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor, gentleman, apothecary, ploughboy, thief." The Chinese have a similar set of words:—"Life, age, illness, death, sorrow;" and it is imperative that the epitaph on a grave should be so constructed as to end with one or other of the first two auspicious words and not with either of the three last ill-omened sounds. This sentence (生, 老, 病, 死, 苦) *Shéng, lao, ping, sǐ, k'u*, is of almost universal use, though we have heard that a variation of four characters only (生, 旺, 死, 絕) *Shéng, wang, sǐ, chüeh*, is better known in the province of Fokien. But

all this time we are lying anchored in front of the village of 青溪, Ch'ing-ch'i, for we can get no farther ; and here we are to remain until tomorrow morning at break of day when the land journey is to begin. This being the case, we spent the afternoon in scrambling over the hills which reminded us very much of the scenery of North Wales, excluding of course the variation of terraced paddy-fields and the bamboo.

2nd.—Long before dawn we were awakened by the prescient "boy," who foresaw that there was a good day's work in store. In a momentary absence of mind, thinking only of the twenty odd miles of mountain road before us, we reproached him somewhat for having waked us too soon and professed our intention to slumber again. But he knew better, as we afterwards found to our cost. So we swallowed a hasty meal, put our valuables together, and exchanged the boat for the bank. There we found a crowd of porters and chair-coolies surrounding two consequential-looking Chinamen, one seated at a table with pen, ink, and paper before him, and the other standing before a temporary weighing-machine suspended between three poles like a gipsy kettle. It appeared that the system was to charge so much—6½ cash—per catty for the conveyance of baggage or merchandise across the hills, and that consequently everything had to be carefully weighed before starting. Here was a fine field for the native love of screaming inherent in every Chinaman's breast. Every one of the sixty-seven individuals standing round that weighing-machine spoke—bawled at once, and each at the very top of his voice. The din was indescribable, and we retired to survey the scene from a distance. Meanwhile we thought they never would have finished ; the sun rose higher and higher while the best part of the day was being wasted. At last this part of the

business was over, and when the headman of the baggage hong came and calmly informed us that we should have to pay on eight hundred catties, say 1000 lbs weight, of luggage, we felt that any energy to dispute the accuracy of his scale, still less his own immaculate honesty, had long since ebbed away. So we accepted his estimate, reconciled to anything by the prospect of a near departure. But tired and exhausted as we were by the long drawn out scene we had just witnessed, we had arisen to go just about one hour and a quarter too soon. For though the luggage had been duly, if humourously, weighed, this process had to be repeated amongst themselves by the coolies engaged to carry it. It was a trying time. Not one would carry an ounce more than any other, and the distribution of packages among them led to a drama which no language could put before the reader with a fraction of its actual vividness; we will therefore beg leave to shroud our description within the limits of a single word—*Rideau!*

It was close upon eight o'clock when our caravan moved slowly off and began to climb the steep hills beyond which, at a distance of some twenty three miles, lay the town of 老隆 Lao-lung—our Promised Land. By a happy chance the sky had clouded over, but without prospect of rain, or we might have had some miserable hours, perhaps a night, to spend in a dirty Chinese hovel. So we gave ourselves up to thorough enjoyment of the delicious morning air, and the exquisite views that opened one after another upon us. We had taken the precaution to engage four coolies to carry our chair, two at a time; and as we walked a great deal, especially up the steepest parts, we had no fear of over-tiring the largely-developed calves of these sturdy mountaineers. Besides we found to our astonishment a first-rate road,

usually about eight feet broad, occasionally rather narrower ; and this rejoiced us the more as we not unfrequently had a fall of two or three hundred feet on one side, when our thoughts, diverted from the beauty of the landscape, converged involuntarily upon the position of our centre of gravity. We met such strings of people too, and they always would take the inside, so that every now and then there seemed to be nothing below us but an uncomfortable thickness of space. And here we may say that before the end of the journey we were utterly astounded at the ceaseless traffic to and fro across these hills. During an eight hours' march we never once covered one hundred yards of ground without meeting some man or woman carrying a burden. Nor did we but very rarely meet individuals : generally long files of women, so long that we once counted as many as seventy-four carrying tubs of oil (lamp-oil and tea-oil for the hair), two women to each tub. A great many were carrying loads of tea-cake (茶 餅)—no connection with Sally Lunn—which is still used as soap, and sometimes as manure, by the inhabitants of out-of-the-way regions. It is made from the husks of the tea-seed out of which the oil has been expressed. Apropos of these women, it was impossible not to notice their extreme modesty of expression. Some of them were young and nice-looking ; but all looked overworked. A few wore straw sandals on their feet ; the majority walked barefooted over the stony paths, though there was not one without a bracelet of some kind upon her arm. All this time we hardly ever lost sight of the river which gradually dwindled to a thread of water splashing among the rocks, until at last we reached the summit of the chain of hills alongside the very source that gave it birth. It was a beautiful spot. A cluster of

three or four magnificent trees shaded two buildings, one on either side of the road, joined by a lofty arch-way which served as a resting-place and shelter for travellers. While our coolies were refreshing themselves with tea and pipes, we entered the building on the left, over the door of which were inscribed the characters 歸儒寺. It was a Buddhist temple, and several priests were busily engaged in trimming the lamps and renewing the burnt-out joss-stick. There was nothing to see but two old women on their knees before the shrine of the world-honoured One, so we turned and left them to their devotions, passing across to the building on the other side of the way. There we moved in a totally different atmosphere—purer, holier far, than the rank odour of Superstition we had just quitted. We stood in the presence of a Spirit we too could adore ; for the Spirit of Literature, common to all ages and to all nations, was there enshrined, and breathed its influence around. We were in a chapel sacred to the undying memory of Han Wên-kung, and an image of this brilliant “statesman, philosopher, and poet,” reposed majestically upon the altar. On either side were his faithful followers 張千 Chang Ts'ien and 李萬 Li Wan who accompanied him in his wanderings when he had incurred his imperial master's displeasure and was nominated governor over this then wild and uncultivated territory. There he sat, neglected, and, but for the dumb statues who shared his solitude, alone ; while at the distance of a few yards flourished with a yet unstricken vitality the idle forms and ceremonies of that religion he had made such an effort to overthrow. With a sigh we sought to appease the *manes* of Intellect defeated in its struggle with the most loathsome of all monsters that prey upon humanity, and fled the humiliating scene. But as we turned to take a last

glance at the hallowed spot, two remarkable because widely different objects appeared to force themselves upon our notice. The first was an inscription over the entrance—**所遇者化** or “All will be purified who enter here”: and the second—ah! the second, what was that, hanging upon the shadow-wall (**影壁**) which should bar the entrance to all things noxious or profane? It was a copy of the Margary proclamation.

Descending the pass on the other side we found ourselves for some miles moving in a valley of paddy-fields and mud cottages alongside a tributary of the river for which we were steering our course. In some places the bed of the stream was very wide, though recent drought had reduced the actual flow of water to its narrowest limits. However at one point in the valley we had to cross a long wooden bridge, without railing like the generality of Chinese bridges, and in the middle about fifty feet from the ground. We at first thought of dismounting from the chair and finding our own way across, but the bridge was six planks (about a foot each) in width, and did not seem at all formidable at the shore end. Neither should we, more or less accustomed by this time to dizzy heights, have experienced any discomfort even at the highest elevation, had not a string of coolies carrying large mat packages calmly started to meet us from the other end when we were about one-third of the way across. We had seen these wretches on the opposite side and had given them credit for sense enough to wait until our chair had passed the bridge before coming on themselves. Not a bit of it. Chinaman-like they accepted the risk, leaving the issue to fate; and stepped lightly towards us as if it was the merest trifle in the world. And it might have been to them, sure-footed mountaineers, and pedestrians to boot.

But to us, whose youth knew no steeper or more dangerous climb than the kerb-stones of Holborn Hill, and suspended as we were between the shoulders of two fallible men fifty feet above the dry gravelly bed of a river with nothing but six narrow planks between us and the Infinite, which scant allowance we were now to reduce by just one half—to us, indeed, the prospect was anything but reassuring. At such junctures we always fancy that the senses of seeing and hearing—especially the latter—are very much intensified. The eye seems to take in the minutest details, and the ear to note every rustle that stirs the air. This may or may not be sheer imagination; at any rate the coolies approached nearer and nearer in their dread march until we were temporarily relieved by seeing them put down their packages on the bridge, as we thought at the moment, to allow us to pass them more easily, but really to get a prolonged view of the outlandish creature in the chair. Our chair-bearers went on without relaxing their pace. We grazed by the first three or four packages, having about $\frac{1}{8}$ of an inch to the good, the eyes of every gaping coolie fixed upon us in a stony idiotic stare, when we saw about two yards ahead a package which the careless owner—who we excommunicated him internally!—had put down corner-wise, and against which our then accurate sense of sight told us we must inevitably bump. We were not tongue-tied: we could have spoken when we first noticed it, but the recollection flashed across us that the bearers were Hakkas and would not understand a word. To speak might flurry them, and would certainly flurry us; so we decided to go on, revolving even in the short space of two yards the best method of escape, how to throw ourselves over the side of the chair as the chair itself was going over the side of the

bridge, what to clutch at, and similar desperate particulars. Meanwhile, our time was at hand. The chair, as we had foreseen, struck—to our ears, crashed like thunder—against the corner of the misplaced package. The chair shivered from one end to the other, and the coolies were stopped short, for the package was heavy and did not yield an inch. We experienced a violent rush of blood to the head, over which we had little or no control, probably because the issue was so absolutely in the hands of others. However, the coolies steadied themselves without any apparent effort; the fiend whose carelessness had caused us so many seconds of unutterable discomfort straightened his package to a line with the others, and we crossed the bridge in safety.

As a relief to the above scene we forthwith met two men carrying a pig in a bamboo cage shaped like a sausage. The pig's four legs hung down through the large meshes of the cage, and the expression on its face was ludicrous in the extreme. This may be the usual way of carrying pigs in the Kuang-tung province. We hope it is, and that the practice will some day become general in the empire; for it is infinitely more humane than the northern system of tying the wretched animal's four feet together and carrying it on a pole with its back downwards. Shortly after this we reached the Half-way House, where the chair-coolies are in the habit of taking their midday meal. It reminded us of another Half-way House where we had once refreshed ourselves with bread and cheese and mild ale while passing through the beautiful county of Buckinghamshire. That establishment was called by the singular name of the *Five Ales*, which was most obligingly explained to us by a half-tipsy reveller at the bar who told us he was a native of the place. "You see," said he, "the king governs *all*, the

"soldier fights for *all*, the parson prays for *all*, the doctor "heals us *all*, and the lawyer cheats us *all*. And so they "calls this house the Five Alls, and I should be much "pleased, Sir, to join my friend Bill here in drinking your "very good health." No bread, no cheese, no beer, satisfied the craving stomach at this Half-way House, separated by ten thousand miles of sea and sky from that; neither found we here any uproarious Bacchanalian to amuse us with his drunken wit. The coolies settled themselves down to their rice and fat pork and sweet potatoes, most of them finishing up with a whiff of the invigorating opium-pipe. We walked on ahead, vainly hoping to escape the little crowd and take a quiet lunch in peace. But the people would not hear of it; they determined to interview us, and closely followed at our heels. Finally we scrambled up a steep piece of rock, and there, partly hidden by a large tree and partly by our own umbrella, we managed to bolt three hard-boiled eggs, a piece of seed-cake, and half a tumbler of sherry. On we went again, up hill and down dale, but always along an excellent road which left nothing to desire. Houses became more numerous and of more extensive proportions. They were all built in the form of a square with a small courtyard in the middle, but not a single window or opening of any kind in the outer walls except one entrance protected always by a most substantial looking door. This told its own tale; and in the plan of these detached and often solitary homesteads we read many a melancholy tale of sacked houses, murdered families, and scattered household gods. Another strange phenomenon here presented itself for solution—a suddenly and largely increased percentage of beggars. Ever on the watch to discover the real standard of material prosperity now enjoyed by the

people of China, we had kept a careful account of the beggars seen with our own eyes between Swatow and the furthest point we had reached by water, namely 青溪 Ch'ing-ch'i, including our visit to the city of Kia-ying Chou. So far the number had amounted to only five. The people of Kia-ying Chou and its vicinity appeared indeed to be miserably poor; but poverty and starvation are not synonyms, and what we saw of the city supplied us only with a single example of the "rice-seeker" (討飯的). It was after passing the temple of Han Wên-kung, situated, by the way, exactly on the boundary line between the districts of 長樂 Ch'ang-lê and 龍川 Lung-ch'uan, that we were startled from a dream of full stomachs by an endless panorama of destitution. We calculated that in the last twelve miles of our journey we met one beggar to every hundred yards; and yet throughout the eleven or twelve miles of road which led from 青溪 Ch'ing-ch'i to the temple we had not seen a solitary one. It was still a problem to us, when the chair-coolies put on a sudden spurt, hurried through the busy town of 老隆 Lao-lung, and put us on board a large passenger-boat which was there awaiting our arrival. The first thing we did was to come into violent collision with the roof which was just about two inches too low; and this, following on the fatiguing land journey just accomplished, reduced us to a state of limpness that could only be removed by a well-starched—Exshaw's is the best—glass of soda-water. The next thing we did was to gaze reproachfully at the beam which had scattered our few remaining ideas, when lo! we beheld thereon a scroll of red paper bearing the usual words of welcome:—

抬頭見喜

"Joy when you raise your head,"

and the bump we had to show on the top of ours formed an excellent commentary upon the text. Apropos of the relative height of Chinese and Europeans, a Chinaman informed us only the other day that his own people were once tall and muscular, but that they had sadly deteriorated in the last few hundred years. The giants-in-those-days theory is of course common to China with the rest of the world ; unfortunately they have no skeletons or armour or gauntlets of the heroes of old to shew them how utterly unfounded that theory is, for though Chinese civilisation may have remained stationary for many centuries we cannot believe it has ever lost a position once occupied. The Chinese themselves are never tired of salving the wounds of to-day by a reference to their glorious Past. We laugh in our sleeve whenever we see them laying on thick layers of the unction flattering to their souls. We believe that at the brightest epochs of Chinese history the standard of moral purity, intellectual culture, and physical comfort, was never higher than it is at this moment, and that every day which dawns upon China is raising it more and more. The *laudator temporis acti*, otherwise known as the celebrated character in *Gil Blas* who insisted that the peaches of his youth were finer than those of his old age, is positively the rule in China instead of being as he now is with us a rare and almost extinct species. With us no one is fool enough to wish that he had lived in the days of King Alfred or under the rule of Good Queen Bess. If he regrets at all his existence in the whirl and rush of the nineteenth century, it is because he looks ahead one or two hundred years even to a further development of the resources of man and a final settlement of several undecided, though hardly doubtful, questions of the day. All this time the evening has been ebbing fast

away. We have given up all chance of leaving till the morning, and devote ourselves to settling down. The boat is so large that it carries us, servants and all. A partition in the middle leaves ample space at our end for a sitting-room and bed-room with an imaginary line of demarcation between. Beyond these, and fenced off by a sliding door, is the family oratory with a small altar in it on which already smoke various offerings of pork and vegetables by the dim light of three tiny red candles. A horrid thought arises within us, simultaneously with a common and well-known Chinese proverb. We plan a sacrilege of the deepest dye, and the proverb guides us to our prey. We want a bath-room ; and that sacred chamber, scene of so many heart-felt invocations and vows of incense for the nostrils of the spirit, seems to be marked by destiny for our own. The Chinese themselves say that

“Money can *move* the gods,”

錢能通神

and we determined at once to put the practical value of this saying to what we imagined would be a crucial test. Need we relate the issue of our scheme? Need we inform the reader that with the aid of one shining, ringing, life-inspiring Mexican dollar, the gods *were* moved ; and that there, in the very Presence-chamber of the Empress of the Sky, were our barbarian ablutions performed?

3rd.—We now found ourselves much more comfortable than we had hitherto been. The boat did not rock about, and we were able to spread ourselves out. Our captain, too, was an exceedingly pleasant old fellow, and we should have been tempted to call him an honest-looking man but for the caustic saying that

“Honesty is another name for imbecility.”

老實是無用別名

and such is truly the case in China. A smart, clever servant invariably makes a good thing out of the master he serves so well. The open-faced, simple-minded boy who blushing-ly limits his commission to five or at most ten per cent, can never be broken of handing round spinach with oyster patties and calling his mistress "Sir." We must take the long with the short—**以長補短**—some prefer the one type, some the other.

But we are fast gliding past **龍川** Lung-ch'uan without paying proper attention to its pagodas and a particularly quiet and peaceful-looking temple on the river bank. The scenery is pretty, though not equal to what we have seen already. The river widens. Every now and then we stick on a mud-bank and wish it would deepen. But the current is in our favour; we have no longer to contest every foot of the way, and it is pleasant to be quit of the shrieks of struggling boatmen. So we give up the day to the uninterrupted luxury of—thought.

4th.—Which reminds us that a Chinaman placed in the same position as ourselves would infallibly have spent his leisure hours in sleep, in spite of the Confucian fulmen against persons who so indulge during the day-time. "Rotten wood," said the master, "cannot be carved"—**朽木不可彫也**—when his attention was called to a sleeper who should have been employing himself more profitably in some other way. It is marvellous how Chinamen seem to have acquired a power of sleep. Not only can they go straight through the night with gongs and fire-crackers clanging and banging all round them; but at any given moment in the day they have only to shut their eyes and they are sound asleep within two minutes. We do not remember ever to have seen a Chinaman occu-

pied in solid thought. If not reading, writing, walking, eating, smoking, or *chopping wood*, he is quite sure to be enjoying a comfortable nap. Hence, perhaps, the stately utterance of Confucius that "Learning without thought is labour lost"—**學而不思則罔**—warning his countrymen that they must not only continue to acquire knowledge but digest and arrange the knowledge they have already acquired. But we owe, and here offer, to our readers a very ample apology for presuming to quote from the profane pages of this benighted old pagan. The highest authorities are almost unanimous in their opinion that nothing good or great has ever or will ever come out of the teachings of him whom twenty odd centuries of erring millions have foolishly regarded as a sage. It has been quite by mistake that the Chinese have so long allowed Confucius to be venerated as a mouth-piece of Wisdom and Virtue; and now that they are gradually coming within reach of the influence of western religions, we are called upon by Dr. Legge* to believe that "the faith of

* We are sure that nobody will feel greater satisfaction than Mr. Giles at the marked change which has come over the views of Dr. Legge with respect to the teachings of Confucius since he penned the sentence quoted by Mr. Giles in that portion of his Diary that we print to-day. The Doctor's paper on Confucianism in its relation to Christianity is a monument of liberal views, as the following sentences abundantly show:—"The teachings of Confucianism on human duty are wonderful and admirable. . . . On the last three of the four things Confucius delighted to teach—letters, ethics, devotion of soul, and truthfulness—his utterances are in harmony with both the law and the Gospel. A world ordered by them would be a beautiful world. . . . What can be more excellent than the doctrine of the five human relations, and the five virtues pertaining to them?—than the lessons of Mencius about benevolence and righteousness?—than the oft-repeated inculcation of the superiority of influence in leading men to the right course, over force?—than the exhibition of the power of example? When Confucius made the golden rule his own, and repeatedly enun-

"the nation in him will speedily and extensively pass away." We do not think it will, any more than that the Chinese will speedily and extensively put away the troublesome fashion of wearing a tail and take to the more convenient custom of the western barbarians. The chief outcry against them in California is that they will persist in keeping to their own manners and customs, and utterly refuse to adopt American habits of dress, food, or anything else. How then can we believe that they will be in such a hurry to get rid of what must be dearest to them of all—a deep-seated faith in the inspiration of their master? Christ tells us to "Love one another." Confucius had uttered the same precept in identically the same words several centuries before. (樊遲問仁子曰愛人, *Lun Yü*, XII.) We look upon the former

ciated it, he did the greatest service to his country. It has been said that he only gave the rule in a negative form, but the 13th chapter of the *Doctrine of the Mean*, and other passages as well, show that he understood it as a positive rule, and held that it was then only fulfilled when the initiative was taken in carrying it into practice. If a hall were somewhere to be erected to contain the monuments of the sages and benefactors of mankind, on the statue of Confucius there should be engraved his conversation with Tsze-kung, related in the 23rd chapter of the 15th book of the *Analects*." Dr. Legge further holds that the God of Confucius was the God of Christianity, though imperfectly understood, but still represented as a Being powerful and supreme, righteous, holy, and loving. We think such extracts as the foregoing are sufficient to clear Dr. Legge from any charge of bigotry or narrow-mindedness.—*Celestial Empire*, June 16, 1877.

We regret that we have not yet seen Dr. Legge's paper. All we know of it is that it has been excluded—and consequently the noble admissions above quoted—from the list of papers published by the Committee of the late Missionary Conference. In other words, one of the greatest living authorities on the Chinese language was specially invited to contribute a paper to the so-called Conference; and because found to be too broad, too liberal for the narrow prejudices of an ignorant majority, was flung back rudely in his face.

as a divine command straight from the Throne of the Almighty, and reckon it perhaps the most beautiful of all the sayings of the Saviour. We slur over the latter with almost indecorous haste, and unctuously speak of its author as a poor heathen "striving after light." But it should never be forgotten that this is precisely the attitude of the Chinese themselves. The precept they have inherited from Confucius is *the* precept for them; put in the mouth of the barbarian teacher "Yah-soo" its eloquent morality is gone. For Dr. Legge's treatment of the words above quoted, we refer the reader to Vol. 1, page 124, of his *Chinese Classics*, where he will find (in note 22) that the translator not only considers the replies of Confucius enigmatical and difficult to understand, but also omits to mention the very obvious identity of 愛人 *Ai jén* and "Love one another." It would seem hard thus to cheat even a pagan out of his just due, did we not know the Chinese to be quite competent in this respect to look after their own interests, and likely to wreak an ample vengeance on the unoffending texts of the Old and New Testaments. Personally, we can only say—once again with Confucius—that we "hate the manner in which purple" is made to "take away the lustre of vermillion."

5th.—We spent a long morning in the company of a most agreeable gentleman of highly-cultivated mind, "Full of wise saws" if void of "modern instances," who came to pay us a visit and went off delighted, like many others we met on the journey, with a present of some of Messrs. De La Rue & Co.'s beautiful Christmas cards. He remained a good three hours, but we "chatted of Heaven and discoursed of Earth" (談天論地) and the time slipped pleasantly away, though it was

somewhat wearisome to have to go over much of the old, old ground. Of course he held decided views as to the flatness of the earth, and believed in the existence of a spiritual world, acknowledging at the same time that the Buddhistic and Taoist religions were mere inventions of man for his own ulterior purposes. We managed by degrees to divert the conversation to a subject in which we have always felt a deep interest—the universal system of bribery. We presume the reader to be aware that no mandarin could possibly live, and properly perform the duties of his position, on the salary allowed him by the Emperor. A Tao-tai, for instance, gets about £200 a year; a petty police magistrate (蛇浦司) not more than £18, and so on. But it must ever be borne in mind that the fees received are the property of the incumbent for the time being. This alters the case very materially; for just as with us a transfer of land, we will say, costs a certain amount in fees, which sum is the property of the State, so with the Chinese is there a *fixed* amount payable on similar official transactions, with the sole difference that such fee is the lawful property of the officiating mandarin. Every officer of the Chinese Government derives a large portion of his income from these legitimate sources, and if he could limit his aspirations to the not insignificant income thus accruing to him, his administration would be free from the taint that now attaches to it. But in nine cases out of ten his present position was purchased only by a considerable outlay of hard cash, and in every single instance the favour of his immediate superior can only be retained by conformity to a time-honoured usage. Five occasions present themselves annually upon which every subordinate official seeks to oil the wheel, the smooth revolution of which implies his continuance in office. There

is His Excellency's or His Honour's birthday, and the birthday of His Excellency's or His Honour's lady. Besides these, there are the three great festivals of the year, upon each of which certain sums of unvarying amount are expected from every subordinate and presented to every superior. Our friend spoke very candidly and sensibly upon this subject. He said it was absolutely necessary to receive presents or to fall out of the ranks altogether from inability to propitiate the less scrupulous palms above. He told us one point of which we were before ignorant, namely, that expectant (候補) officials make no presents upon the occasions above mentioned. These officers are attached to given districts and take their turn in being deputed to perform whatever duties may be required of them, in the process of which they manage, by a little well-timed extortion, to scrape together enough to support themselves and their families. But even if appointed to act temporarily in such a post as that of magistrate, they are not expected to make the usual presents of money. It will, however, be regarded as a delicate attention on their part if they forward a sample of anything for which their particular region may be famed—a chest or two of tea, a few boxes of sweetmeats, or a roll of silk. The result of the system is evidently this:—instead of a large revenue flowing direct into the coffers of the State, from which the pay of the executive, reduced to the lowest possible figure, is drawn, we see in China vast sums of money working their way upwards from the people to the Throne, but so mutilated by numerous and greedy hands on the way that the ultimate residuum is barely sufficient for the luxuries and vices of an eastern palace and leaves no balance to be applied for the advantage of those to

whom by right every farthing of it belongs. Behind the rest of the civilised world in theory and practice alike, the Chinese still believe that the people were made for officials to prey upon. They cannot see that every officer of government—to a certain extent, the Son of Heaven himself—is but a servant elect of the people, entrusted with the administration of the revenue and of justice, in deference to superior abilities evinced at the great competitive struggles. An official in China—let us hope nowhere else—thinks he is of different flesh and blood from the merchant who grovels at his feet. He will not see that it is this very merchant who places him where he is, gives him the *pas*, and invests him with a dignity not his own, for what must be exceedingly obvious reasons. When we employ a domestic servant to make our bed and clean our boots we do not fall down and worship him. He takes his place in the kitchen and touches his hat to us in the street. But when we engage a man to decide difficult questions of right and wrong, or take action in delicate matters upon which enormous interests may hang, then we do well to say “This man shall walk into dinner before us; we will take off our hat in his office; we will pretend that he is a different being from ourselves.” By doing so we shall attach a weight to his judgment that in the eyes of the masses it would not otherwise possess; and he on his part, while conniving at the deception, will recognise the true value of his position and the source from which it is derived. How exactly opposite are the opinions held by the Chinese. According to their view, the earth is given by Heaven to the reigning Emperor, to be ruled indeed for the welfare of the people, but still to be *ruled*, the people themselves having no voice in the question as to how their own interests shall be protected. It is the duty

of the Emperor to surround himself with the most talented of his subjects to aid him in the administration of government ; and it is their duty to see that the districts confided to the care of each are tranquil and undisturbed. Floods, drought, famine, pestilence, and the whole category of national misfortunes, are ranged under one convenient heading—the Will of Heaven ; manifested, say the Chinese, in token of the mis-government of those in high places. But the material prosperity of the people—the producers, without whose labour the baseless fabric of officialdom would crumble into dust—that is but a paltry unit in the sum of mandarin calculations. Hence we see in China bad roads, tumble-down bridges, and undredged water-ways, except where the philanthropy of the individual comes to the rescue of the many. Hence we see the tillers of the soil moistening their coarse rice with cabbage-water, and rarely knowing the luxury of meat ; while the table even of the petty mandarin is covered with a profusion of unnecessary and oft-times costly delicacies.

6th.—It has just occurred to us that in our notes of yesterday there is nothing at all about the country through which we were slowly passing. In truth, there is very little to say. Day by day the scenery decreases in beauty ; the hills become brown and uninteresting ; the dense groves of bamboo thin down almost to disappearance. We spent part of the afternoon in watching the movements of a little girl and boy, aged six, the twin children of our estimable captain ; and were much struck, as often before, by the thoughtfulness and self-reliance of these little bodies. The boy ran up and down the side of the boat leaning on his undersized punt-pole as if our fate depended entirely on his particular exertions. Whenever we ran aground, he was

invariably the first in the water, pushing away with all his might and taking his fair share of the shrieks and arguments that accompanied each such scene. Every day at meal-times this mite of a boy was left in sole charge of the helm of our huge boat, seventy-two feet long, often with rocks on either side and junks before and behind. His sister too would take her turn with the pole or add her tiny weight to one of the heavy sweeps at the bow. But the prettiest sight of all was to see her sitting Chinese fashion on the tip edge of the gunwale of the small punt attached to our stern, busily engaged in preparing the family dinner. The way in which she would take up a bunch of onions, wash it in the river, so careful all the time to let none drop in, then remove the uneatable portions and finally chop up the whole with a sharp cooking-knife previous to throwing it into the boiling fat on the fire—all this, we say, performed quietly and with an air of supreme nonchalance, while preserving her equilibrium on the punt and ignoring the five to ten feet of water below, was a remarkable development of intelligence in a child only six years of age. She wore no shoes or stockings, of course: but like all the women revelled in the luxury of a silver bracelet on each arm. What these two children thought of the outside barbarian we shall not take upon us to say. On one point, however, they betrayed decided, and as long as the voyage lasted, unaltered sentiments—a marked approval of the skill of Messrs. Huntley and Palmer in the preparation of their "Mixed Biscuits." But Hui-chou Fu is already in sight; we can plainly trace the outline of the district city wall, and we concentrate all our attention upon the abode of immortal Poetry and deathless Love. We landed at the nearest point to the entrance gate and passed right through the District into the Prefec-

taral city, which we bisected in like manner. The streets were blocked up by a large crowd, collected partly to view the barbarian, and partly an elaborate religious procession which was dragging its slow length along amidst the plaudits of the on-lookers. It is evidently a flourishing city. There was an appearance of wealth and prosperity in the shops which contrasted favourably with the staring poverty of the regions through which we had so lately passed. Beyond this we saw nothing unusual in the city of Hui-chou Fu, except perhaps the large hats worn by the women and covered with dark blue calico overhanging the brim all round by about six inches, and looking like a flat parasol with a deep fringe. The effect of these was extremely picturesque, and very convenient for the wearer who, if troubled by the gaze of man, could completely shade her features from view by a slight inclination of the head. So we urged on the steps of our chair-bearers towards the famous spot, one glimpse of which was to repay us for three weeks of travel and fatigue. For in China, more so than in many other countries, any journey of more than five or six days' duration is inseparably connected with considerable bodily discomfort. The traveller must live entirely on tinned provisions, and in no long time the very smell of an Oxford sausage becomes positively unbearable and revolting. His bread is soon exhausted or mouldy ; and unless his morning palate is characterised by the freshness of youth, a plate of boiled rice will sadly furnish forth his breakfast table. No fresh meat to be had anywhere ; only Chinese pork, which no foreigner can or ought to eat, and a few tough old denizens of the dunghill, carried on board, poor wretches, with their heads downwards and slain before one's very eyes. Well did Mencius say that if the superior man heard the

dying scream of the victim he would not endure to eat of its flesh ; and that therefore the cook-house with its horrid shambles should stand at a distance from the house. We found it so, though we base thereon no claim to superiority of any kind ; for the logician will recollect that the subject and predicate of a Universal Affirmative are not necessarily convertible terms. A French poet once made the same complaint in almost identical words,

J'ai reconnu le soir le coq infortuné
 Qui m'avait le matin à l'aurore naissante
 Réveillé brusquement de sa voix glapissante.

Then again no fish is to be got, and the brain stagnates for want of a due supply of phosphorus. The season for fruit is over ; the eggs, obtainable by thousands, have known the waxing and waning of more than a single moon ; and the water with which one's morning coffee is prepared, barely changes colour under the process. Apropos of want of fish, Confucius (what ! that pagan again ?) tells us that dwellers on the sea-shore are cleverer but more untrustworthy than the inhabitants of the hills who, if they are stupid, are at any rate virtuous and honest. But we are losing sight of our story. A few minutes more and we had passed through the city gate, and there before us in the sunny calm of an April afternoon lay the much-extolled Western Lake. Here it was all but eight hundred years ago the banished statesman Su Tung-p'o (蘇東坡) poured forth his soul in poetry or forgot his troubles in the smiles of his beloved Chao-yün (朝雲). Here it was that her delicate health gave way, and here she was finally laid to rest on the shore of this beautiful lake, leaving her lord and master inconsolable and alone.

We stepped into an ornamental little boat and proceeded

to view the beauties of the place. Passing through one of the two Five-Eye bridges, so-called because they have five arches, we landed first at a tiny island in the centre of the lake, entirely occupied by a pretty little building named Mid-water Pavilion (水心亭). The view from this was decidedly such as might charm a poet's eye, even without those associations which here the poet himself has bequeathed; but it must not be mentioned in the same breath with the choice morsels of our own lake scenery at home. We visited the seven-storey pagoda without succeeding in finding out the date at which it was erected. We sat in the guest-chamber of the temple from the window of which, as a scroll above it informed us, we could take in at a glance the various beauties of the lake; and the declining sun was just beginning to burn the crests of the western hills when our tour was completed,—all save a reverent pilgrimage to the little white pavilion which shelters the remains of Chao-yün. We had reserved this for the last; for it is really the great attraction of the place. Beneath the pavilion, open to the four winds of heaven, there stood a small stone table, and on either side, facing the entrance, were scrolls, on which we found engraved the following couplet—the dying words of the ill-fated girl.

“Like a dream; like a vision; like a bubble; like a shadow;
like dew; like lightning.

“No life; no annihilation; no defilement; no purity; no gain; no loss.”

如夢如幻如泡如影如露如電：
不生不滅不垢不淨不增不減。

It was with this consciousness of the vanity of life that the gentle spirit of Chao-yün melted away “into the infinite “azure of the past;” and it was with these words still ringing in his ears that her disconsolate lover erected this

pretty building over her tomb, and called it the Pavilion of the Six Likes. But stay—this fresh-looking newly-painted kiosque has surely never braved the winds and storms of eight long centuries of time? Ah no; an inscription there tells us that it was re-erected in the reign of Tao Kuang, scarce forty years ago. So we turn at once to the tomb-stone itself, anxious—strange feeling—to touch the very slab which Su Tung-p'o must have so often watered with his tears. There it stands, of a dull brown colour, bearing an inscription written in the Lesser Seal character—majestic relic of a semi-barbarous and unpractical age. We approach: we could almost kneel, as the scales of time fall from our eyes, and we stand in the presence of the Past.

The characters are remarkably clear-cut and distinct for a monument eight hundred years old; at which we inwardly rejoice, for our knowledge of the Seal character is limited, and we hail any aid that is likely to lighten the labour of deciphering them. We hurry on, like impatient novel-readers to the *dénouement* of a sensational story, to the extreme left hand column which contains the date—when, oh horrors! what vision of unreality is this that meets the straining eye? “The sixth year of Chia Ch'ing” (1802)—impossible! impossible! But it was so. The very tomb-stone as well as the Pavilion had undergone the fate of restoration. There was nothing on that sacred spot, except incorporeal history, to carry us back more than seventy-five years. It was a bitter disappointment, though not the first of the kind we have experienced in China. The oldest empire in the world seems to have no antiquities to shew. Her classics are ancient beyond doubt, older far than the earliest records of the existence of literature in Greece. But her buildings and her monuments are of to-day; to-morrow,

they too may be gone. Yet previous to the restoration we have just mentioned there must have been a Pavilion and a tombstone on the exact spot where now stand the unsatisfactory works of so recent a date. In witness whereof we append translation of a "Note on the West Lake at Hui-chou," written by a celebrated Lan Lu-chou (藍鹿州), and to be found in the sixth volume of the only edition we know of his collected essays.

Towards the end of the year 1731, being on my way to Canton, I stopped at Hui-chou; and hearing that to the west of the city there was a lake—the finest of all the three "Western Lakes"—I was seized with a desire to pay it a visit. Accordingly, one bright moonlight, I set off with a party of friends; and on-issuing from the city gate, a beautiful scene burst upon our view. There lay more than three miles of serpentine, with clearly-defined hills and pale, green water, bridges and minarets in every direction, exactly like the west lake of Hang-chou. Long ere our feet could carry us thither we were already in the midst of it all,* astonished to find such beautiful scenery on that side of the hills. Then following Su Tung-p'o's embankment, we crossed the new west bridge, and went up into the "Six Likes" kiosque. We dropped a tear on the grave of Chao-yün, took a look at the Orphan Hill, and visited the pool of Hsi-tzū. Su Tung-p'o's embankment and the Orphan Hill are nothing more or less than a plagiarised repetition of our old friends of Hang-chow. I was not much pleased; but to Su Tung-p'o in his days of exile it brought back the beauties of Hang-chou, the two being as alike as the halves of a tally; and scholars will not be likely to find fault with the borrowed grace of the various names. Besides much money has been spent upon it, and the spirit of Shih-êrh still haunts the spot. Su Tung-p'o has in fact made the place his own, his Chao-yün corresponding to the Hsi-tzū of Hang-chou. [Our author here gives an uninteresting list of the temples, pagodas etc., of the Western Lake and its neighbourhood.] But I had not time to take note of all

* Readers of Dante will recollect the lines

"Co' piè ristetti e con gli occhi passai
Di là dal fumicello—"

of them. Ah ! if this lake were only placed at Su-chou or at Chefoo where the surroundings would be more in keeping, neither of the other two western Lakes would bear comparison with it. But alas, flung down in such an out-of-the-way place, its beauties are lost in this wild uninhabitable spot where it now lies ; and not even the residence of Su Tung-p'o and Hsi-tzū can save its lovely hills and streams from obscurity. It is as some precious object with a grievous flaw. My own home has nothing much to boast of in the way of scenery. Would that I could take this lake and place it near old Kao's grotto to be one of the sights of the south east of China. I fear that inasmuch as men daily grow more civilized and more calculating, an envious eye will be cast upon it, and by and by the waters will be drained off and the stream that feeds it dammed up, all to plant a few more acres of grain. Now, as I cannot take it with me, I will not be answerable for its ultimate fate. I will however quote some words that were formerly uttered on the subject :—" Had this ground, before it became a lake, been an encampment whereon an army of soldiers had resisted the enemy, then the people would not dare to injure it, and this would ensure the preservation of the lake for ever."

April 7th.—The lofty pagoda of Hui-chou is fading rapidly away, and with it almost the last traces of the gorgeous scenery which has surrounded us for the past three weeks. In the distance we perceive the silhouette of Lo-fou Hill (羅浮山) looming darkly through the rain-clouds that completely shroud its summit. According to a proverb, it is very difficult to climb :—" Of ten who go to Lo-fou Hill, nine don't reach the top." (十遊羅浮九不成). Yet upon this mountain there said to be over one hundred monasteries, and consequently several thousand priests. The latter do not belong to the ordinary run of scoundrels who make a business of their religion as they would of any other trade, but their ranks are replenished by disgraced mandarins or wealthy philosophers who have seen the vanity of all earthly objects (看破了世界 as the novels say)

and retire hither to die. On the other side, the left bank of the river, we notice an enormous archway, standing near some small rocks and looking like the remnant of a mighty viaduct. It turns out to be natural rock, scooped out by the quarrymen into that particular shape ; and now below it several little huts have been raised, and even a shop or two for the sale of tea, tobacco, and rice. We spend a few minutes in watching a man who passes us in a "jump white" boat (跳白) but he does not seem to catch anything. Sitting concealed under an awning at one end of his crank little canoe, he exposes two white boards in such a way as to catch the eye of any passing fish. The latter, yielding to an instinct which impels towards anything bright, jumps wildly over the board and is forthwith seized by the fisherman. We also meet a few professional dredgers,—coolies who wait about at shallow points when the water is low, and with the aid of a shovel-like apparatus clear a channel in front of any boat that may happen to be drawing more water than is convenient. But we soon get tired of the dreary mud-banks on either side, and indulge, for want of better occupation, in the usual passenger trick of consulting the captain upon the probable date of our arrival at Canton. It was a positive relief when a boat came alongside and our servant brought in a card bearing the following remarkable inscription :—倫敦傳教會惠郡耶穌信徒童朝安頌首*—which being interpreted is neither more nor less

* We would here point out the extremely bad selection of characters used to represent the word *London*. The Chinese are so fond of inverting, especially in the case of their so-called "dissyllables"—e. g. 歡喜 or 喜歡—that it is dangerous to allow two characters to come together in the same sentence without making sure that there is no loop-hole for what Confucius would term "deflected" thoughts (無邪思). What the result is in the present instance,

than "Tung Chao-an, a faithful disciple of Christ, of the "London Mission Society for the department of Hui-chou, "bows his head." We have a wholesome horror of native Christians. The first servant we ever had in China bore upon his brow the sign of "charity with all men." In less than a fortnight he borrowed, without mentioning it, eight dollars from a private box of ours. His motive was doubtless a good one. He wished perhaps to subscribe largely for a new pulpit at the chapel where he was accustomed to worship. But hell is paved with good intentions, and the rude magistrate ordered him fifty blows with the bamboo. When he entered our service, a piece of flesh about the size of an acorn hung below his chin, attached by a single thread of skin. Nothing could induce him to have this disfigurement removed; for Confucius had sanctioned the foolish principle that mutilation of the body is an insult to one's parents, and that as our mortal coil is received from them at birth so should it pass from our possession to the grave. We saw our quondam domestic once again, some six months after his dismissal from our service. The button of flesh was gone; he had lost it in a scuffle at a tea-shop. Since then we have not put our faith in "converts." We find that a pagan cook makes excellent pancakes if he is only taught that the fat must be boiling before the batter is poured in; and that a pagan valet folds one's dress-coat to a nicety, ignorant though he may be of the existence of the Ten Commandments. All this time the "faithful disciple" is waiting patiently at our outer gates. Our first impulse is to send him empty away; but we are informed that he comes on official business and is a runner in the yamên of

we shall leave to the inquisitive student of the Chinese written language.

the District Magistrate of Po-lo (博羅). Now here is a direct contradiction of terms. No Christian could possibly be a runner; consequently no runner could be a Christian, however fervent might be his protestations of faith. Runners have no salaries; they have to "find themselves," and they do this most effectively by robbing and cheating the people in every direction. Theirs is the corruption that must be attacked first, before proceeding to touch the bribery system of the mandarins. They are the dregs of China, hard-hearted, unscrupulous villains. Yet we have now to account for finding in their very midst a "faithful disciple" of the gentle Redeemer. And this difficulty is enhanced by the notable fact that *no mandarin is a Christian*; the magistrate of Po-lo would be therefore unlikely to tolerate the presence among his dependants of a convert to the hated faith. So the disciple contrives "a double debt to pay." Convert and runner by turns, he manages to secure the advantages of both. Is there other explanation than this?

We pass the busy, filthy, market-town of Shak-lung (石龍), and anchor below it for the night.

8th.—"Your foreign style of dress is much more convenient but less comfortable than ours," remarked the Chinese literary friend who (see *ante*) paid us a visit this morning and helped us to pass a pleasant hour or two in international gossip.

"Granted," we replied, "that it is more convenient than the picturesque but unwieldy fashion of your own honourable nation; we, who are accustomed to it from youth upwards, do not find it at all uncomfortable. Put us into Chinese dress and for the first few days we should hardly know what to do with ourselves."

"True enough;" answered our friend, "of course you would

"feel strange for a short time ; but I should say that with "those narrow sleeves and tight-fitting waistcoats you "foreigners wear, it must be quite impossible to catch the "fleas ; whereas we * * * *."

"And so," as Mark Twain says, "he cheered the way with "anecdote," throwing here and there rays of light upon many a subject that for us had hitherto remained obscure, and strewing the path of conversation with the flowers of a well-stocked mind. He was a fair specimen of the Chinese gentleman. He was widely read in the literature of China. He thought the earth was flat, and wore his sleeves deep for the convenience of catching fleas. But we are neglecting our real task ; the dreary mud-flats are fast passing unnoted away, and the City of Rams is in sight. Alas ! should any too indulgent reader have accompanied us thus far upon our travels, we fear he must have already discovered that we "study nature rather in men than fields, and find no "landscape afford such variety to the eye, and such subject "to the contemplation, as the inequalities of the human "heart."

And the moral of our story is this :—For three weeks we have been passing through scenes rarely profaned by the presence of an outer barbarian. In that time we have covered some five hundred miles of lovely country, through which the Flying Scotchman would have whirled us in a single night. We have been chiefly struck with (1) the density of population all along the line of our route ; (2) with the extreme poverty, but not destitution, of the people ; and (3) with their intense religious feeling. For the first two, a relief is at hand ; and a knowledge of its advantages is surely if slowly penetrating these thick layers of over crowded humanity. Emigration from Swatow to the

Straits, which under its present honourable aspects should be encouraged to the full by all who take an interest in the welfare of China, is increasing year by year; and hundreds of returning emigrants, each with his little hoard of easily-earned dollars, now succeed in persuading more timorous friends and relatives to accompany them on a second trip to the distant El Dorado. Every mail brings bulky packets of Chinese letters, all containing drafts of various amounts for the families of these adventurous rice-winners. The people of the districts round about Swatow now thoroughly understand that kidnapping is a thing of the past, though the term has unfortunately not yet disappeared. For it is a favourite trick of the unscrupulous rowdies of the neighbourhood to extort money by threatening a charge of kidnapping;—a trick at which yamên-runners, gate-keepers, lictors, etc., are only too ready to connive, on condition of sharing the spoil. But this is merely one of the penalties of citizenship in the Flowery Land, the privileges of which outweigh in a Chinaman's patriotic eyes all the advantages of an alien freedom, law, order, and civilisation, put together.

As to the intense religious feeling of which we have spoken, and of which we met with such overwhelming proofs at every turn, it is amusing to an outsider to watch the struggle of two distinct faiths and numberless sects over what they are pleased to consider the dying carcase of Chinese superstition. To us it seems vital enough, and, with certain modifications to suit the spirit of the times, likely even to not-live its tempest-tossed rivals of the West. But supposing we were to succeed in weaning the Chinese from their own religious beliefs, their fear of a material hell, their hope of a sensualistic heaven,—with what should we fill the void? Necessarily with our own diversity of sects and opinions,

questions of candles, flowers, and vestments, the Tweedledum and Tweedledee of eastward and other positions, which but few of us can regard with unmixed feelings of pride. It is here, however, that the safety of the Buddhist-Taoist superstition will be found. Pulled a dozen different ways by a dozen different claimants, each of whom asserts that his own is *the* way and the rest perdition, the Chinese will in all probability elect to remain where they are. Our views may possibly be altogether wrong ; for, to parody the mock humility of a Chinese statesman, we see the heavens through a pea-shooter or as a man sitting at the bottom of a well. We shall console ourselves, however, by reflecting that if time does show these opinions to be baseless and false, they will but share the fate of nearly all that have preceded them and certainly of many that will come after.

[Cost of trip, for one traveller and three servants, say
\$250.00.]

ERRATA.

Page 16, line 15,	dele, <i>ho-pa</i> .
„ 26 „ 11, for <i>yet</i>	read <i>get</i>
„ 37 „ 9, „ <i>short</i>	„ <i>show</i>
„ 56 last line, „ <i>was</i>	„ <i>it was</i>
„ 64 ninth line from bottom, for <i>was</i>	„ <i>was that</i>
„ 73 fifth „ „ „ „ <i>not</i>	„ <i>out</i>

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